Newport Mercury

THE OLDEST PAPER IN AMERICA. ESTABLISHED BY FRANKLIN 1758.

VOLUME CLI.---NO. 40. NEWPORT, R. I., MARCH 13, 1909. WHOLE NUMBER 8,473.

The Mercury.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

182 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-first year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 203, Order Sons of St. George—Albert Henkhust, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 13, Knights of Maccabees—Robert D. Wilkey, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 8609, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Dence, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—John T. Allan, President; Patrick F. Reynolds, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. B Casey Sullivan, President; Miss Margaret Shea, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, Mrs. Catharine Gillies; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Hempseed. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Catherine Curley; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—John W. Schwarz, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; James C. Walsh, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAN McLEOD, No. 161—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular monthly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was devoted largely to the transaction of routine business. Regular weekly payrolls and bills were approved. Several applications for licenses were granted. A resolution was passed authorizing the city treasurer to draw not exceeding $2400 from the Jewish Synagogue fund for repair and maintenance of the Synagogue. A petition for the acceptance of Warner court as a public highway was referred to the city solicitor. After the regular business had been disposed of, a man representing an out of town tea house was given a hearing on his application to obtain a license to do business in Newport. He was advised to await the outcome of the cases in the court before trying to do anything in Newport.

The receivers of heavy freight in Newport have prepared a communication for submission to President Mellen of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, protesting against the conditions in the freight yard which make it very difficult and expensive for them to handle their freight. The roadway is merely a mudhole, and the strain on their horses is severe. The communication is accompanied by pictures which bear out their claim that there is lots of room for improvement in the yard. The communication is signed by all the receivers of heavy freight in Newport and has been endorsed by the Citizens Business Association.

The Newport Yacht Club is arranging for a series of motor boat races to be held in Narragansett Bay next August, and according to present indications the event will be one of national importance. It is proposed to bring here some of the fastest of these craft in the world, and the responses already received indicate that owners will take a deep interest in the affair. The races will probably consume three or four days, cups being offered for the different classes. Such events held in other places have always resulted in drawing large crowds to see them, and an influx of visitors to Newport would be a good thing for the city.

Mrs. Jeremiah Parmenter died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Benjamin M. Anthony, on Sunday after a long illness. She was well known in Newport where she had spent her entire life. She is survived by her husband and two children, Commander Henry E. Parmenter, U. S. N., and Mrs. Benjamin M. Anthony.

Naval Hospital Endorsed.

There was a well attended meeting of the Citizens Business Association on Thursday evening, at which it was the nearly unanimous opinion that the proposed Washington street boulevard should be abandoned and that the navy department should be afforded every opportunity to erect a large naval hospital on the Maitland place as they contemplate doing. There were many speakers at the meeting, and only one voice was raised in opposition to the plan, while some of the others were very outspoken against the board of aldermen for not abandoning the boulevard before. There were several of the naval officers of high rank from the Training Station present, and they were called upon to speak, so that those who were present were able to form a better idea of the situation than they had before.

In opening the meeting Chairman Benjamin F. Tanner explained the purpose for it, and suggested that several different matters be taken up in order, offering as the first topic the consideration of the army in Newport. Ex-Mayor Garrettson suggested that the meeting come right to business and discuss the naval hospital matter which interested everybody.

Mr. F. F. Nolan was called upon for a presentation of the situation. He said that last summer Assistant Secretary of the Navy Newberry came to Newport and after examining a number of sites for a large general naval hospital, including the Maitland estate, Coddington Point and Miantonomi Hill, he definitely settled upon the first as the location for the hospital and left Newport with that point settled. But when it was found that the city of Newport had laid out a boulevard through there the department had announced that they would not accept a site with strings to it and as that was the only place that suited them Newport would not get the hospital unless the impediment was removed.

Mr. Nolan went on to show the great benefit that the hospital would be to Newport. It would, he said, have accommodations for 250 beds, where the Newport Hospital has but 100. It would bring ships and men here and help to bring officers and men to Newport. On the other hand the boulevard would be a large expense and would bring in nothing.

Rear Admiral John P. Merrell was called upon and stated his views on the subject. He said that the navy department had considered the matter of the naval hospital settled until he personally informed Mr. Newberry that the boulevard had been located through the Maitland place and was informed that the department would not take any place with a string to it. He believed that the hospital would be a big advantage to Newport, and stated that last summer he had discovered that there were already 250 members of the army and navy officers' families in and around Newport.

Other speakers at the meeting who favored the hospital in preference to the boulevard were D. E. Sullivan, Gardner S. Perry, Patrick H. Horgan, Herbert Bliss, Joseph P. Cotton, R. C. Bacheller, Thomas B. Connolly, George W. Ritchie, and Herbert E. Nason. Mr. William E. Brightman had no objection to the hospital but he thought that the boulevard also was a matter of vast importance to the people of Newport. He spoke of the opposition that was encountered when Bellevue avenue was opened by the efforts of Alfred Smith, and he thought that the development of the property along the proposed boulevard would also be important.

Committees were appointed to draw up resolutions to present to the board of aldermen and also a committee to attend the meeting of the board on Monday evening and advocate abandonment of the boulevard.

At the suggestion of Hon. William P. Clarke a committee was appointed to confer with the Providence board of trade to co-operate in the work of securing a naval drydock for Narragansett Bay. The committee consists of William P. Clarke, Max Levy, M. W. Hall, George W. Ritchie and A. C. Landers, Jr.

A communication was read from the Newport Yacht Club in regard to the proposed motor boat races to be held in Narragansett Bay next August and in response to their suggestion a committee was appointed to work with them, consisting of A. C. Landers, Jr., D. J. McGowan, H. E. Nason, J. S. Milne, and John Allan.

Mr. Voigt submitted a communication to the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, protesting against the condition of the freight yard there, and this communication was endorsed by the association.

Mrs. C. M. Thomas, widow of Rear Admiral Thomas, has purchased the Churchill Cottage at the corner of Ayrault and Francis streets.

Leavitts Divorced.

Mrs. Ruth Bryan Leavitt, daughter of William Jennings Bryan, has been granted a divorce from Mr. William H. Leavitt of this city, custody of the two children going to the mother. The divorce was granted at Lincoln, Nebraska. The couple were married in 1903 after considerable opposition on the part of the bride's parents. Much of the time since then has been spent in Europe and there their first child was born in 1904. It had been reported that a divorce suit was imminent for some time before the papers were filed, and on January 22, the suit was instituted in Nebraska.

The commission appointed by President Roosevelt last month to make a complete study of the present naval yards to see what ones, if any, should be abandoned, and also to consider what new ones should be provided, is a very strong one. Rear Admiral A. T. Mahan is the chairman and the other naval officers on the commission are Rear Admiral Charles S. Sperry, Rear Admiral Richard Wainwright, Captain C. McR. Winslow. The army officers are Major General J. Franklin Bell, Brigadier General W. W. Wotherspoon, Brigadier General W. L. Marshall. This commission will undoubtedly take under serious consideration the advantages of Narragansett Bay for a naval yard and the matter of a dry dock for this vicinity will be discussed by them. Any recommendations that they may make will carry much weight with Congress. It is believed that the appointment of this commission is really an important step forward in getting the advantages of Newport and Narragansett Bay before the pr per persons to look into the matter of their further development.

Mrs. Almira Euphrasia Rose, widow of Alanson D. Rose of Block Island, died at the winter residence of her son, Mr. Almanza J. Rose, in Providence on Monday. She was a member of an old Block Island family, being a daughter of Gideon and Cordelia Dodge and grand-daughter of Dr. Aaron C. Willey. Many years ago Mr. and Mrs. Alanson D. Rose founded the Woonsocket House at Block Island which has had a successful career to the present time. It was the second summer hotel on the island. Mrs. Rose is survived by two sons, Almanza J. Rose, town treasurer of New Shoreham, and Dr. A. J. Rose of Manton, R. I. The remains were taken to Block Island for interment.

The Naval Training Station has been under quarantine for 22 days as the result of the outbreak of disease there, but on Thursday the guard was lifted and the boys were allowed to come over to the city. In consequence the streets soon became very lively again and during the afternoon and evening there were busy scenes enacted. Some of the smaller stores that make a specialty of catering to the trade of the sailors had felt the effects of the quarantine very severely and were rejoiced when they again were released.

The members of Gaspee Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, have arranged for a concert by the Philippine Band at Infantry Hall in Providence on March 19th for the benefit of the chapter. This band is composed of native Filipinos, who were organized into a band after the American conquest of the islands. They came on to this country especially to take part in the inauguration of President Taft, for whom they have a deep veneration. The music is said to be of an excellent character and the concert should be well worth attending.

In the closing days of the last session of Congress provision was made for surveys of Newport Harbor and the Great Salt Pond Harbor at Block Island. There is also an appropriation for the erection of lights and signals on the breakwater at Point Judith. The appropriation for a revenue cutter for Narragansett Bay failed of passage, being dropped by the committee of conference between the two houses of Congress.

A meeting of the representative council was called for Friday night to consider the report of the committee of 25 and to transact a lot of other business. It was expected that the meeting would be a long and stormy one, and perhaps that adjournment would be taken until some subsequent date for the transaction of such business as should not be disposed of at this meeting.

Manuel Avallard, a Portuguese resident of Middletown, was drowned while fishing in the pond near the Hanging Rocks last Thursday. He had been missing for some days, and a search was made which resulted in finding the body lying in a few feet of water. It is supposed that he fell overboard and became entangled in his fishing lines.

School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee was held on Monday evening when considerable business was transacted. The report of Superintendent Lull contained the following items:

The total enrollment for the month ending February 26, 1909, was 3,700, the average belonging 3,410.4, the average attending 3,131.1, the per cent of attendance and tardiness for the month 328, and the cases of dismissal 52. This total enrollment of 3,700 is 32 in excess of March, 1908.

Board of Health.

Since the last meeting of this board the Board of Health has reported six cases of scarlet fever and two cases of diphtheria, and two other children have been excluded from school.

Callender.

February 15 the pupils of the Callender, after an enforced absence of five months, returned to their former school building. The changes, however, have been so radical and extensive that it is hardly correct to say "former." Two new rooms, completely furnished with the best adjustable furniture; a new heating, ventilating and sanitary plant; new floors, new corridors, stairs and coat-rooms; room telephones, and a teachers' room, practically give to the city a new building of six rooms without any cost to it. The teachers and pupils are enjoying the new surroundings and they feel that they are unusually favored. The kindergarten, which was closed during the repairs and additions, has opened with an enrollment of 25.

This board and the city are deeply indebted to the Trustees of Long Wharf for this generous gift—a gift that will in the next quarter century be of inestimable value to hundreds of children.

Major Gibbs.

In your superintendent's last report he closed a brief review of the many kindnesses of Major Gibbs with this sentence: "Is there not some well-to-do citizen who would like to have the rare pleasure of continuing this last benefaction?" This referred to a fund in the hands of the truant officer for shoes. Since February 8, a letter to Mr. Topham has informed him that Mrs. Gibbs will continue this fund.

Rogers High School.

Ex-Mayor Daniel B. Fearing has again shown his good will towards the high school by presenting it a bronze copy of the "Gettysburg Address" bearing upon it a medal of Abraham Lincoln. The plate is mounted on a beautiful marble tablet. As the school library is already indebted to Mr. Fearing for 732 books, it seemed proper to place his last gift on its walls.

History XIII has had on display in the history room 200 pictures of or relating to Lincoln. To this class Miss Edith May Tilley, regent of the William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, spoke in February on "The Battle of Rhode Island" and on "William Pitt's Influence upon the American Revolution." The class has also received a gift of a large portrait of Lincoln from Commander James H. Hampton, Lawton-Warren Post, and a pen-and-ink drawing of the Lincoln funeral car from Junior Vice-Commander George A. Pritchard.

Teacher's Retirement Fund.

The teachers were very fortunate with the Lincoln medal sales. With the help of a check for $100, donated by Mrs. John Nicholas Brown, the fund has been increased nearly $240. The total at date is $24,197.15. This total also includes a check for $100 just received from Mrs. Victor Sorchan.

Coggeshall.

It is the sad duty of your superintendent to announce the sudden death of Miss Hattie Shaw Fales, principal of the Coggeshall School. Miss Fales was in school Friday and attended to her duties as usual. She died Sunday morning.

In the decade preceding 1870 Miss Fales was at different times a competent substitute when vacancies occurred, and since her regular election she has been in constant service. In 1880 she was made principal of the new Coggeshall. In grade I she had no superior in the teaching of reading and penmanship, and she was unusually successful in the gem, song and drawing work. In fact, her room was so well administered that visitors were always sent here when inspection of primary work was desired, and often the younger teachers were given a substitute so that they might profit by her experience. If "service" is the keynote of today, then Miss Fales was an excellent illustration of its best meaning.

The report of Truant Officer Topham contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 203; number of cases of truancy (public, 8; parochial, 7), 15; number out for illness and other causes, 188; number of different children truants, 15; number found not attending school, 4; number sent to public schools, 2; number sent to parochial schools, 2.

The man whose name was presented for prosecution at your last meeting, for not sending his daughter to school, I am pleased to state is now complying with the law.

After some talk it was voted that the schools have but one session on Wednesday in order that all who wished might have an opportunity to attend the funeral of Miss Fales. The committee also voted to attend the funeral.

A report was received from the committee on text books and supplies in regard to soap and towels and as it was found that $800 or $900 would be required in addition to the appropriation asked for it was decided to lay it over for a month.

Miss Blanche Leavitt was given permission to be absent from her duties for a day or two at the opening of the schools in the fall, as she may not return from her European trip in time. A communication from William Andrews, Jr., asking permission to send to the public schools, without tuition, a niece who will hereafter make her home with him, was referred to the city solicitor for an opinion as to the committee's legal right to grant it.

An executive session was held at the end of the regular session.

Recent Deaths.

Harriet S. Fales.

Miss Harriet S. Fales died at her residence on Bliss road early Sunday morning after a very short illness. She had apparently been as well as usual during the preceding days and was able to attend to her duties in the schools on Friday. Saturday night she was taken with a severe headache and later a hemorrhage of the brain developed causing her death within a very few hours.

Miss Fales was one of the oldest teachers in the public schools and was loved and respected by all her pupils, as well as by her associates in the department. She was regarded as one of the most competent of the city's teaching staff, her specialty being the instruction of the children of tender age, so that although she had been many years in the service she was still retained in the lower grade for which she had an unusual talent. She was the principal of the Coggeshall school. She had been connected with the public schools for about thirty-seven years having been elected a teacher in 1872.

Miss Fales was a daughter of the late Captain Nathaniel S. Fales, who was prominent as a sea captain in the days of Newport's commercial supremacy. She is survived by two sisters, Miss Sarah E. Fales and Mrs. James P. Taylor.

Funeral services were held at her late residence on Wednesday afternoon, Rev. N. J. Sproul of the First Presbyterian Church officiating. In order to permit teachers and pupils to attend the services there was but one session of the public schools on that day. The members of the public school committee, the superintendent of schools and many teachers and pupils were present and there was a wealth of flowers. The bearers were Dr. Edwin P. Robinson, Dr. Clarence A. Carr, Mr. Albert K. Sherman, and Mr. Thomas G. Brown. The interment was in the Island Cemetery.

John Cremin.

Mr. John Cremin died at his home on Franklin street on Tuesday after having suffered for several months. His health had failed steadily for some time and for several days it had been thought that the end was very near.

Mr. Cremin was one of the well known business men of Newport, having been engaged in business as a master plumber for many years. He learned his trade in this city, and afterward in company with Maurice Butler organized the firm of Cremin & Butler, the partnership existing for many years. For the past few years Mr. Cremin has carried the business on alone.

He was prominent in public affairs and had a host of warm personal friends. He had been a member of the old city council from the fourth ward, and was at the time of his death a member of the representative council. He was a member of the board of examiners of plumbers and a member of the Master Plumbers Association. He leaves a son, Mr. Walter Cremin, and two daughters, Mrs. William A. James and Miss Josephine Cremin.

Moses Brotherson.

Mr. Moses Brotherson died very suddenly of heart failure at his home on Spring street on Tuesday evening. Until a few minutes before his death he seemed to be in his usual health, although he had complained of a slight cold.

Mr. Brotherson was a veteran of the Civil War, having served in the navy, and being a member of the crew of the Cumberland when she was sunk by the Merrimac. He was taken prisoner but quickly escaped. After the close of the war he came to Newport and opened a little shop on Spring street where he did carpentering and cabinet work. He had a large number of customers and was a careful, competent workman. He was very fond of children and his shop was a great place of entertainment for them. He is survived by one sister, Mrs. Alvin Leonard of Campello, Mass.

The Newport Naval Reserves returned from their Washington trip Monday morning. They reported a most delightful excursion in spite of the disagreeable weather which greeted them in Washington.

Mr. James Moorcroft is seriously ill at his residence on Marlboro street. In view of his advanced years his condition is regarded as critical.

Superior Court.

The second week of the March session of the Superior Court for Newport County began on Tuesday before Judge Brown, when the criminal docket was in order. There were several entries made to the docket and then the case of State vs. Albert G. Glover for forgery was put on trial before a jury. A somewhat similar case had been tried before when the defendant was acquitted. This was a case where defendant had come to Newport to solicit advertisements from merchants for a book to be published in the interests of navy yard employes. Checks were given to him made out to G. L. Cain and defendant endorsed them and had them cashed. There was no dispute about the facts in the case, but defendant claimed that he had authority to endorse the checks. The guilt or innocence of the defendant depended entirely upon the question of intent. The case occupied a large part of two days, and then the jury reported a verdict of not guilty.

A jury was empanelled to hear the case against George Nichols, charged with assault, but defendant offered a plea of nolo. He was sentenced to 60 days in the Newport County Jail.

A Tiverton cutting case was given to a jury on Thursday when John Mederios was put on trial on a charge of cutting John Leubures with a knife. The case occupied the whole day, and late in the afternoon the jury found the defendant not guilty. The parties were Portuguese.

Middletown.

VITAL STATISTICS—The vital statistics for 1908 comprise 40 births, 13 marriages and 18 deaths. The same statistics for 1907 included 41 births, 10 marriages and 20 deaths. Of the births 25 were males and 24 were females. Only 10 were of American parentage, 30 were Portugese, 1 Irish and 8 of mixed parentage. There were three times as many Portugese children born as Americans. In 1890 out out of 82 births there were only 3 of Portugese descent. If the Portugese maintain their increase in birth rate for another ten years they will constitute one third of the entire population of the town by 1920.

Of the decedents four were children under one year of age and two were persons temporarily sojourning in the town. There were only seven adult deaths reckoning those belonging, as permanent residents. Seven were males and six females. For the month of January, February, March, May, June, November and December, not a single death was reported. For a township of 1600 inhabitants the rate of mortality is exceeding low and has few parallels. According to parentage seven were American, five Portugese and one Irish.

DROWNING ACCIDENT—On Thursday afternoon, March 4, Manuel A. Ferreira, who lived with his uncle, John Souza, in a fishing house near the Third Beach, left his residence and no clue to his whereabouts could be obtained until Tuesday morning of this week, when his body was discovered in the large pond near Hanging Rocks. Search was made in the adjoining swamps and in other localities as soon as he was found to be missing, but without result. It is supposed that he entered a small boat for the purpose of catching eels, was capsized and drowned. A fishing line was wound about one hand when his body was discovered. On Tuesday afternoon the body was viewed by Medical Examiner Stewart, an inquest deemed unnecessary and permission was given for its removal. Soon after the body was taken in charge by Undertaker P. H. O'Neill. Ferreira was about twenty-one years of age and had lived with his uncle for two years. They were both engaged in the fishing business. He is described as a young man of good habits, frugal and industrious and anxious to get a foot-hold in this country. He had a father, mother, and several brothers and sisters living in the Western Islands.

Aquidneck Grange held its regular meeting on Thursday evening at the Town Hall. Considerable time was spent in discussing the possibility of building a new Grange Hall. The special committee appointed to look into this matter, Charles H. Ward, Joseph A. Peckham and William C. Hubbell, have been allowed two months in which to prepare a statement. During the lecturer's hour, in charge of Mr. Albert C. Young, the members were each called upon to entertain three minutes or pay a fine of 10 cents. A varied and interesting program was the result, about half the members responding, while the remainder preferred to pay the money. A chafing-dish supper was afterward served, and there was music by Mr. C. LeRoy Grinnell of Newport.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor has effected the following transactions: rental for Mr. John Morrell one half of house No. 66 John street to Max I Scanneviu, formerly of New York; rental of the furnished house No. 11 Kay street, for the Misses Engs, Florence, Italy, to Dr. O. Edward Farnum; rental of unfurnished cottage 44 Friendship street, for Postmaster Landers, to Dr. Lewis Tetlee, (dentist); rental on Jamestown for the coming summer season of the furnished cottage known as the "Hopkins Cottage" on Bay View avenue Drive, to Henry W. Stokes, of Philadelphia. Mr. Taylor has also rented the following two large farms—viz: the McAllister Farm of 40 acres in Middletown next the St. Columba Cemetery, for the St. Joseph's Church Corporation to Juan Silvia Levada, for a term of years; and on Conanicut Island, west side, the so-called Hazard farm of 210 acres, for T. A. H. Tefft, of Shawmut, Mass., to Aaron Richardson, Jr., for one year.

Lady Betty Across the Water

By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON

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Chapter 14

THE train for Chicago is perfectly wonderful, not like an ordinary, human kind of train at all. I'm in it now, and have been writing everything about the wedding and what happened afterward because I have a whole room of my own and I'm much too excited to sleep.

There's a bed in the room—not a hard shelf, but quite a wide, springy bed, with an electric light close by the pillow; there are walls made of mirrors; there's a sofa, a washhand stand and a palm leaf fan; there's netting in the window so that you can have it open without getting black, and there would be plenty of places to put my things if I'd brought three times as many. But better than anything else, there's a soft, sweet, brown maid who goes with the room and isn't an extra. She's the same brown as the porters, only paler than most, and the train wasn't ten minutes outside New York when she appeared to ask what she could do for me. There was nothing at the time, but she didn't go away. She looked about for a minute, then pouncing on the palm leaf she began to fan me, slowly and gracefully, not holding on by anything, though the train was hurling itself through the state of New York apparently with the speed in which light travels around the world (I never could remember how many times it can do the whole distance in a minute, but whatever it is, it has the air of being a boast.)

I thanked her a good deal and said I wouldn't trouble her any more, though it was very nice, but she kept straight on, like a mechanical doll, until I felt that in common humanity I ought to fan her. If any one in England, especially any one in her position (only there aren't such positions), had asked half as many questions as she did people would be extremely surprised and offended, but I would defy even the crossest person to be offended with this soft brown thing. It would have been too ungrateful not to answer her nicely when she was keeping my flies at bay with extreme inconvenience to herself, so I admitted that I was English, told what county I came from, how long I'd been in the States, where I'd been staying, how I liked America, where I was going now, and ended up by satisfying her as to my age and whether I had a mother. I also stated that I was neither married nor engaged. The dear creature rewarded me for all this by telling me a great deal about herself and her relatives, and a church picnic she attended last Sunday, where there were more young gentlemen than ladies—"which always makes parties so nice for us girls."

"I must say that's a mighty pretty hat you've got," said she at last. "I reckon it came from England. And my, but that is a sweet waist! I'd give my life for that waist."

If I had had a twin sister of the sweet waist with me I couldn't have resisted pressing it upon her, and I don't believe she would have refused.

As soon as Mr. Brett got me nicely settled in my room he said we wouldn't meet again during the journey. I was sorry and wanted to know why, so he explained that his ticket was different from mine. I hope that is the only reason, really, and that it isn't because he thinks he ought not to be traveling with me. I suppose he is going second class.

I did miss him at dinner, which I had in a grand restaurant car about half a mile away from me in the train. It was fun being there, seeing all the people and being served by fascinating black waiters, but it would have been more fun with him. I longed to exclaim to Mr. Brett about the glorious sunset which marched with us along the Hudson river for an enchanted hour, and I couldn't half enjoy it for wondering every minute as it changed from one beauty to another whether he were watching too.

We have tenderly radiant sunsets at home, which I love, but they're not startlingly magnificent as in America, where all things—even cloud effects—are managed on such a sensational scale. I saw some skies to remember in Newport, though never one like this, but perhaps the magical charm of it was partly dependent on the gleaming river.

When the daylight blue had faded there was a kind of dusky lull; then, as if flames leaped up out of the clear water, river and mountains and sky ran gold, reddening slowly till the color burned deep and vivid at the heart of a rose. From crimson was born violet, soft blue violet that hung like a robe over the mountains, while the living azure of the river was slashed with silver, and as one gazed and gazed, afraid to turn away, there broke a sudden flood of amethyst light out of the floating haze. It was dazzling for a moment, but before one realized the change the brilliance had been drunk up by purple shadows. The outline of trees and foothills melted into the pansy gloom, and, at last, with one dying quiver of light, all warmth of color was blotted out. Water and sky paled to a pensive gray-blue, and, as the French say, "it made night."

There was a tremendous menu for dinner, such as we used to have for breakfast on shipboard, and droves of things whose names I'd never heard before. Just for curiosity I ordered several of the strangest, and some of them were a great success. For instance, there was "succotash," which sounds as if it might be a guttural insult flung at the mouth of one red Indian brave by another, but when it was (figuratively speaking) flung at mine by a black waiter it turned out to be something more in the nature of a compliment. It looked like beryls mixed with pearls, though it was really only green beans stirred up with American corn, and the two got on so well together you felt they had been born for each other.

It's now about 2 o'clock in the morning, and it seems as if we must have raced across half America, but we have a long, long way to go still, so says the soft brown thing, who looked in on me about an hour ago to ask in a casual way whether, if she should go to Europe to live, she might not be taken for an Italian?

When I was a little girl and my nurse used to make up tales to put me to sleep at night, I would sometimes get impatient and tell her to "go down into the story and find out what happened next." Just now I feel as if that is what I should like to do in my future.

* *

Chapter 15

THE first face I saw on the platform when we arrived in Chicago was Mr. Brett's. He was waiting to help me and looked as fresh as if he hadn't spent eighteen hours in the train. He said I looked fresh, too, but if I did it must have been excitement, as I'd written half the night and dreamed desperately the other half about Potter Parker—dressed like one of those red Indians they have for cigar signs in New York—pursuing me with a jeweled tomahawk.

Mr. Brett had insisted on my telegraphing to Sally before we left New York to say I was coming and asking her to meet the train; therefore we were surprised not to find her at the station. I was rather anxious, and so, I could see, was Mr. Brett. He thought he had better not drive in a cab with me to the friend's house where she was staying, but he told me the name of a hotel where he would go at once and made me promise that I would send him a line by the cabman to say whether everything was well with me.

"Miss Woodburn probably has a headache or perhaps is out of town for the day," said he. "It can't be anything else. Still I shall be a little uneasy till I hear. And you know I hold myself absolutely at your service."

"What about your friend whose business you've come to attend to?" I asked. "I mustn't be so selfish as to interfere with that, whatever happens."

"Oh, I can attend to both interests," he assured me, "without neglecting either. I shan't need to let one interfere with the other. And remember, I won't stir out of my hotel till I've had your note."

Bereft of him, Chicago overawed me and took my breath away. It is a good thing I saw New York first, for if I'd come straight from England with only memories of peaceful London to support me through the ordeal, I don't know but it might have affected my brain.

It was a long drive, though, and as I had time to calm down I saw that numbers of the huge buildings are nobly designed and very magnificent in decoration, making a splendid effect in spite of their vast size rather than because of it. And such shops too! They're like the fairy palaces my nurse used to tell me about, as big as whole cities, where you could get anything you wanted just by wishing.

At last we stopped before a large, handsome house with a lawn round it and no fence. The house was stone in front, but had brick sides, which gave it a queer effect, yet somehow didn't spoil it, and wherever there wasn't a porch it had broken out in bow windows.

I told the cabman to wait and then ran up the four or five steps to ring the front door bell. In a minute a maid came who could have been very smart looking if she had only worn a proper cap.

"Is Miss Woodburn stopping here?" I asked.

"No, she isn't," returned the young woman, with a glint of the eye which seemed to say she would perish sooner than call any one "Miss."

"Are you sure?" I persisted, my heart preparing for a plunge bootward.

"I guess so," said the girl with a superior but not ill natured smile. "She was staying with us, but she went day before yesterday. I don't think she'll be back, because she's gone to take care of a friend who's real sick way back in Ohio somewhere."

"Way back in Ohio somewhere!" The words were like a knell for all my hopes. I didn't know what was to become of me now.

"I am sorry," I said. "Do you know if a telegram came for Miss Woodburn yesterday?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the young woman, all in one word, but her face brightened. Suddenly she was looking at me like a long lost friend. "I guess you're expected. Mrs. Hale, that's the lady of the house here, sent the telegram on, and Miss Woodburn telegraphed back about you. Mrs. Hale went to meet your train, but may be she didn't recognize you or else she got caught at the bridge. Anyhow, she hasn't come back yet. I guess you'd better come in. Your room is all ready for you."

"I can't do that, though I'm very grateful indeed to Mrs. Hale," I said. "I—I have other plans. I'll just scribble a little note to tell her so and thank her, then I must go."

"She'll just never forgive me if I let you," protested the young woman.

I began to be a little afraid that I might be detained by well meant force, but when I had written a letter to Mrs. Hale (squeezing Vivace under one arm and sitting at a desk in a bright, charming drawing room where three Persian cats, six Japanese spaniels and a number of birds played about the floor) I contrived to persuade the hospitable creature that my immediate departure was practically a matter of life or death.

So instead of writing my news to Mr. Brett I went back with it to him, like a bad penny. He must have been surprised when he heard that a lady was waiting in the drawing room of his hotel and hurried in to see me sitting there. I should have felt ready to die if he had looked bored, but he didn't a bit.

I told him all my adventures and about the dogs and cats and birds, and then I asked what on earth I should do now. "I suppose I shall have to go back to New York," I said gloomily, "and cable to my brother. I could stop at some pension and wait till I heard—a quiet pension Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox wouldn't be likely to know about."

"You alone in a New York boarding house!" exclaimed Mr. Brett. "Never."

"Then could you find me a Chicago one?"

"There'd be nothing to choose between. No, Lady Betty, but I can suggest something better. Only—I don't know how you'll take it. Wouldn't you rather be near Miss Woodburn than anything else until your future plans are settled?"

"Of course," said I, "but that's impossible now."

"I'm not so sure. I think—in fact I know, where she is. You say Mrs. Hale's maid told you she'd gone to Ohio, to take care of a sick friend. I can tell you where that friend lives and her name, because I have relatives in the neighborhood. I don't often go there, but I've heard from them of Miss Woodburn's visits. My cousins have a farm, and I was wondering whether you could content yourself boarding with them for awhile, so near Miss Woodburn you could see her every day?"

"Oh, I should love it," I cried. "But would they have me?"

"They would be happy to have you, I know. The only question is, would you be happy? They're simple folk, with simple ways, such as you would expect of my people, Lady Betty, but they've hearts of gold."

"Like yours," I thought, but I didn't say it. I said instead that I was fond of simple ways, and I asked where the place was and if it was far off?

"It will take us about twelve hours to get there," he answered.

"Us?" I echoed. "Why, you can't"—

"I can if you'll let me," said he, growing red. "I've finished my business in Chicago already and"—

"What, while I was away?"

"It was a short affair, though important."

"But I thought you weren't going to leave the hotel till I wrote?"

"I didn't need to. My friend came to me, and we fixed up everything between us in a few minutes. Now I'm free again, and my idea in any case was to drop in on my Ohio cousins. You see, twelve hours' traveling is nothing to us Americans, and they wouldn't like it if I didn't just say 'how do you do' when I'm so near."

"Oh, well, if that's really true and you aren't doing it only to help me," said I, with a sigh of relief. "I was afraid you were. I shouldn't mind the journey a bit if you were with me, but I do hope we'll have the same kind of ticket this time. Do get mine like yours, won't you?"

His eyes had a beautiful expression in them as he thanked me and said he would do the best he could, only I couldn't exactly make it out.

"The best train to take would be this evening," he went on. "That would give my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Trowbridge, plenty of time to get ready for you, too, for I'll wire them that you're coming. But how could you pass the day? Would you—let me show you the sights of Chicago?"

"Would I? It would be the best of fun. Oh, I am glad I came, after all."

"Then that's settled. I'll send off that telegram and one or two others and come back with an automobile. Don't look like that, please, Lady Betty. It isn't going to cost me all I've got to hire one. They're cheap here; besides I know a man who will give me one for the day for next to nothing. And I'll bring you one of those silk things with talc windows to wear over your head and face, so no one will see that Lady Betty Bulkeley is 'doing' Chicago today."

I was as pleased as Punch. As Caro Pitchley said when she was engaged, I felt I was "going to have the time of my life." And it was fun. I shall never forget that day of mine in Chicago with Mr. Brett if I live to be a hundred.

The best fun of all was the Chinese restaurant, where we had dinner. It's in a queer street where there are some famous pawnshops, it seems, and I wanted to go into them, but Mr. Brett wouldn't take me. To get to the restaurant you go up a long flight of marble stairs, with two grinning Chinese devil heads, like watchdogs, on the wall at the top.

Mr. Brett had to pay with a number of expensive looking greenback things, but he laughed when he saw my frightened face and said the dinner didn't really cost all that, he only wanted change. I begged him to let me go halves with everything, as I'd invited myself in a way, but he told me I didn't understand American customs yet and asked if I had the heart to spoil the happiest day of his life.

I couldn't resist telling him it was the happiest of mine, too—that I had never amused myself half as well.

"Not even in Newport?" said he.

"Not even in Newport," I repeated. "It was delightful there, and everybody was kind and charming to me, but you see I had no real friends like you to go about with, and that makes the greatest difference, doesn't it?"

His eyes lit up again at that, and I could see the blood mounting under his brown skin.

"All the difference in the world," he answered in a low voice. Then he looked as if he were going to say something else, but shut his lips tight together and didn't. One wouldn't dare speak out the truth like this to a rich man one might be supposed to be trying to marry. I remember enough of what mother and Vic have told me about proper behavior in a debutante to know that. But I've never wanted to talk in such a way to any man except Mr. Brett, which is lucky, as he always understands me, and that's one reason why it's pleasanter to be with him than any other person I've ever met yet.

* *

Chapter 16

AFTER all, Mr. Brett's ticket was different from mine again, but I suppose he couldn't arrange to have the same kind and see something of me on the journey, because, as I'd asked him, he would have done it if possible. We went back part of the way we had come the night before, in the same grand kind of train, as far as Cleveland, which we reached in the morning quite early. We got out there, for no fine trains like that stop at the village near which Mr. Brett's cousins live, and he said the best thing we could do would be to drive to the farm in a motor car. It was about forty miles away, but with a good car, which he could easily get, we wouldn't be more than two hours, allowing for bad roads. If we didn't take a motor, we should have to wait half the morning for a slow train, and then have a drive at the end of six or seven miles in some kind of a country conveyance.

When I hesitated, thinking of expense, Mr. Brett explained that among his many other occupations he had once acted as a chauffeur, therefore, knowing the tricks of the trade and being a sort of professional himself, he could always hire a motor at a nominal price. This settled my doubts. We drove in a cab to a hotel, where he left me with Vivace, while he went to search for a car. Presently he came back with a smart gray thing which matched my clothes, and not only was there a gray chauffeur to go with it, but a gray holland coat for me, and a gray silk hood, with a lace curtain. I do think they do things well in America.

I looked forward to seeing the country between Cleveland and Aristo, which is the name of the town nearest to the Valley farm, because except for the drives I had had near Newport I knew nothing at all of the real country in America. I had an idea that we should pass some fine country houses and see a number of pretty little nestling villages.

The name of Aristo was rather impressive and classical sounding, I thought, and I had visions of meeting on the way pretty girls driving or riding, and good looking, well groomed men such as I had met always in the country round Newport. But as we went on and on I was disappointed. The scenery itself was lovely, rich and peaceful, with groves of maple trees which would have been quite new to me if I hadn't seen a few in the east. But the villages were blots rather than beauty spots, and we saw only peasants and farm people.

Mr. Brett was driving the car, with me beside him, while the chauffeur sat behind, and I made some such remark to him before I stopped to remember that his relatives were farm people. I could have bitten my tongue then, but he didn't seem to be offended.

"Outside the towns in the west there are few of what you would call gentlefolk," he said, with just the faintest emphasis of good natured scorn for English prejudice; "nor are there any 'country houses' as you understand the name in England. Here people live in the country to till the land and to live by tilling it, yet they don't call themselves 'peasants,' either. It isn't that they're snobbish and want to seem to be what they are not, don't think that for a moment. But they—well, I won't try to describe them. Many people from the old world would never understand what they really are or their point of view, but you will, Lady Betty. You are quick and sympathetic and intelligent, and when I ask you to define for me the difference between the farmers of Ohio, as typified by my cousins and their neighbors in Summer county, I shall be surprised if you don't exactly hit the nail on the head. They'll surprise you a little at first, I warn you, and for about ten minutes maybe you won't know what to make of them. But I count on you to see the point in spite of all your traditions."

"What have my traditions got to do with it?" I asked.

"Wait and see."

I laughed. "Well, I only wish I knew what my traditions are," said I. "I suppose I ought to know, but I don't think I do."

"You may feel them pricking up and down your spine for a bit, while you're getting used to a new order of things at the Valley farm," answered Mr. Brett. "And yet I don't know. I shall be enormously interested in watching the effect upon you before I—have to say goodby."

I forgot everything else he had been saying when I heard that last sentence.

"Will you have to say goodby soon?" I asked him in a crestfallen voice.

He didn't speak for a minute, perhaps on account of a series of bumps in the road.

At last he said, "To tell you the truth, Lady Betty, I should like to stop and pay my cousins a little visit, but—I don't know if I have a right to."

"Oh, why not?" I asked. "Wouldn't they be delighted to keep you?"

"Perhaps. I hope so. But what about you?"

"If it depended one bit on me, you'd make a long visit."

"Wouldn't you really mind seeing me hanging around—sometimes? Just at meals, you know—or to take you a drive once in awhile?"

I looked at him merrily through my talc window, for I felt happy and lighthearted, and the world seemed such a very nice place to live in at that moment.

"Do you truly need to have me answer that question?" I asked. "If you do, we can't be real friends as I thought, after all."

"You say that because you are kind—too kind to have reflected enough perhaps. An accident—the happiest accident in the world for me—has given me a chance to see something of you, Lady Betty, but do you understand that only by an accident could a rough fellow like me have any place at all in your life, no matter how small or temporary? I don't want to take advantage of that sweet kindness of yours, which is partly all your own and partly the essence of your youth and innocence."

"Now, you are making me very cross," said I. "I won't hear you talk so. You may laugh at me, because we've known each other such a short time, but really and truly you are the best friend I've ever had. I wouldn't lose you for any one or anything in the world, and I don't mean to, unless you get tired of me—so, there!"

"Tired of you! Good heavens, I tired of you!"

"Very well, then," said I flippantly, "so far as I'm concerned you needn't say 'goodby' to the Valley farm until you feel the first symptoms coming on."

"Lady Betty," remarked Mr. Brett, "I wonder if there's another girl like you in the world?"

"According to my mother, there isn't another so vexing," I replied.

We both laughed, and then he suddenly said, "Here is Aristo."

I stared about wildly. "Where, where?" I asked.

He laughed a great deal more. "Why, you're looking right at the postoffice and the grocery and dry goods store."

Sure enough, there was a brown wooden building at the top of a dusty hill we were just climbing, but there was nothing else anywhere, except a clear brown creek and some sweet smelling meadows with a white horse gazing in a bored way over rather a queer fence, and some cows asleep under a clump of maple trees on our side of a young birch grove.

"Where's the rest of it?" I went on. "Where are the other shops and the houses and the people?"

"Oh, the other shops and the houses aren't built yet, but they may be any time, and then the people will come. But the fact that they haven't come yet doesn't prevent this from being Aristo. But you mustn't think this is the only place you will have to do your shopping when you're at the Valley farm. Wait till you see Hermann's Corners. There's a great emporium there, and you'll ruffle the feelings of half the ladies of Summer county if you don't fall in love with it and its proprietor, Whit Walker. Promise you'll let me be the first one to introduce you to both?"

We were in a sweet and gracious country now. It looked as if Mother Nature would never allow any of her children who obeyed her to be poor or unhappy here. As we whizzed along the up and down road between billowing meadows of grain we could see here and there a farmhouse showing between trees or peering over the brow of a rounded hill, but there was none where I longed to stop until we came in sight of a dear, old, red brick house—really old, not what some Americans call old. It was set back several hundred yards from the road and an avenue of magnificent maples—each one a great green temple—led up to the comfortable, rose draped porch which sheltered the door. There was an old fashioned garden on one side, with a running flame of hollyhocks hemming it in. The background was a dark green oak and maple grove, and in a clover meadow beyond the garden was a colony of beehives. It looked an ideal, story book place, and I wished it might be the Valley farm, but thought such a thing too good to be true. When one is going to stop at a house one has never seen, as Vic says, it usually turns out to be the one of all others you like least.

So I was delighted when we turned in at the open gate, with its guardian apple tree on either side. We sailed up the avenue under the maples, but instead of making for the front entrance, turned off into a farm road which led round the side of the house, and the tooting of our horn brought three women smiling and waving to a door under a long, narrow veranda before we stopped.

One was a tall, thin, middle aged woman, with gray-brown hair pulled away from her forehead and done in a knob at the back of her head. Her skin was sunburned; she wore a black and white print frock, without so much as a ruffle or tuck, and her sleeves were rolled up over her sun-browned arms above the elbow; she had no real pretensions of being pretty, and yet, somehow, she was one of the nicest looking women I ever saw. She had the sort of expression in her eyes and in her smile you would like your mother to have, if you could have had your mother made to order exactly according to your own ideas.

On her right stood a very pretty girl with a dazzling white complexion, all the whiter for a gold powder of freckles, black eyes rather deep set, dimples and a quantity of curly, bright red hair wound in a crown of braids round her head. She was in print, too, but it was blue and very becoming.

On the tall woman's left was another girl, also pretty, though in a florid way, with great blue eyes, a full mouth and a mouse colored fringe down to her eyebrows. She was more

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

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LADY BETTY ACROSS THE WATER.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

somebodyish dressed than the others, with a lot of coarse lace on her blouse and a pink skirt. But she hadn't the look of simple refinement which the first two had in spite of their plain clothes and rolled up sleeves. All three waved something excitedly. One had a huge kitchen spoon, another a hook and the third a towel.

"Howdy, Cousin Jim!" cried the nice woman with the expression, as Mr. Brett stopped the car in front of the door. "We're mighty glad to see you again. This is the young Lady Bulkeley, isn't it? We're mighty glad to see her, too, and we're going to try to make her as happy as we can."

"I knew you would, Cousin Fanny, or I wouldn't have brought her to you," said Mr. Brett, jumping out and helping me down. "But she's Lady Betty."

"I thought that would be a little too familiar to begin with," said the dear woman, with a perfectly angelic smile and a pleasant American accent with rather more roll of the "r" than I'd heard in the east. "But you shall be called just what you like best, my dear."

"Shall I? Then I should like you to call me Betty," said I, shaking hands hard with Mr. Brett's Cousin Fanny, and my heart warming to her for her own sake as well as his. There was a good smell about her of linen dried on the grass and of freshly baked cake. I can never smell those smells, I know, without remembering her.

She smiled and pressed my hand. "Why, you are just like an American girl, my dear," she exclaimed. "Not a bit stiff and English, like we supposed you would be. We all thought we were going to be afraid of you, but I guess we won't, will we, Patty and Ide?"

I saw that I was expected to take this as an introduction. I smiled and

A man of fifty was coming toward the house.

bowed to the two girls, and when they put out their hands I put mine out too.

"I'm very happy to know you," said Patty, the pretty red haired one.

"How do you do?" inquired Ide, the one with the fringe.

I fancied that they must both be Mrs. Trowbridge's daughters, but she continued the ceremony of presentation by saying:

"Patty is Miss Pinkerton, and Ide is Miss Jay. They generally stay with Mr. Trowbridge and we pretty nearly all the year round. Patty takes music lessons in Arcona twice a week and keeps up her other studies, and Ide helps me look after the house and the milk. I should have hard work to get along without either one of them, it seems to me, and I expect I shall be feeling just the same way about you before you leave us. Here comes Mr. Trowbridge now. See, Cousin Jim, here comes your Cousin Hezekiah. He's been hiving a swarm of bees. That's why he's got that mosquito net veil around his hat. Something like your automobile one, Lady Betty."

A man of fifty or more, in white duck trousers and a bluish shirt with a turned down collar a little open at the neck, was coming toward the house from the direction of the beehive colony. He had on no coat—in fact, I think a gray linen thing hanging over a wooden rocking chair on the veranda must have been his. His battered straw hat, with the "mosquito net veil" which Mrs. Trowbridge had mentioned, was on the back of his head, and when he saw us he snatched it off and waved it as his wife had waved her spoon and Ide her towel. From a distance he looked just an ordinary farmer, but when he came near enough for me to make out his features I saw that he was very far from ordinary. He had a splendid head, the head of a statesman, and his face was clear and intellectual, with keen, kind eyes.

He shook hands, too, with me and Mr. Brett, but first he wiped some honey from his fingers on the side of his trousers. As he did it, it was a dignified and laudable act. There was no reason why he should have been glad to see me, a perfect stranger, but he seemed to be so honestly pleased that it warmed my heart, and made me feel already at home in the sweet, old, red brick farmhouse, which reminded me, in its soft colors, of a great bunch of wall flowers.

"I reckon we're going to be real good friends," said he. "If we'd known just how you was coming, Jim, I'd have liked to meet you and her little ladyship—the first ladyship we've had in these parts. You didn't give us any idea, though, and now I see why. But look here, mother, you might have had the front door open. I'm afraid the young lady from England will think we're mighty informal."

"I shouldn't wonder if that's just about what she'll like to think, father," said Mrs. Trowbridge, with her smile that was so motherly and friendly at the same time. "Miss Woodburn would have been over to see you if she could; she was just ready to jump for joy when Patty ran across to tell her you were coming, but Mis' Randal is pretty sick, and Sally felt she couldn't leave her yet awhile. So she sent you her love, and she'll be along the minute she can git away."

Just for an instant it struck me as odd to hear this simple farm woman in her straight print calmly calling my charming, dainty friend "Sally," as if there could be no shadow of doubt in any one's mind of their perfect social equality. But in another second I could have boxed my own ears for my douceness and snobbish stupidity. Already—even in these few minutes—I was beginning faintly to understand some of the "points" at which Mr. Brett had hinted.

"Maybe you'd like to go and have a look at your room," went on Mrs. Trowbridge. "Patty and Ide have picked you some flowers, and I hope you'll find everything right"—

"Oh, Mis' Trowbridge, do let me take her," exclaimed Patty.

"Me too!" cried Ide.

"They're just like children. I guess we'll have to humor them this once," laughed Mr. Brett's Cousin Fanny.

When I smiled at Patty, she cuddled her arm around me, and then Ide promptly did the same. Thus interlaced the procession moved into the house.

The door of the veranda opens into a cozy sitting room. There is nothing which you could point out as pretty in the furnishing and decoration there is none, but the room has a delicious, welcoming look and makes you want to live in it.

"What a nice room!" I exclaimed to the girls, pausing for a glance around.

They looked surprised.

"Do you think so?" asked Patty. "We were afraid maybe you wouldn't. The things you're used to must be a good deal handsomer. Everything's so old here."

"I love old things," said I. "Our house at home is very old, and I wouldn't have anything changed for worlds, even if it were to be made better."

"Why, that's kind of the way I feel, too!" exclaimed Patty, giving my waist a sympathetic squeeze. "I like this living room, but Ide doesn't admire it a little bit."

"If I was Mis' Trowbridge, I'd always sit in the parlor," said Ide, "instead of keeping it shut up except for best just because Mr. Trowbridge's ma did before her. It's a real pretty room."

I thanked her, but thought we had better put off the treat until another time, as we were on our way to my room. I was wondering how to define the difference between Patty and Ide. I saw that it was very marked, yet I didn't quite understand. The two girls appeared to be on the same footing in the house, I said to myself, but Ide was far more showy than Patty, seeming to put herself forward as if she were afraid of not being noticed, and then she was dressed so much more elaborately. Perhaps, I thought, Patty was poor and in a more dependent position than Ide.

The stairway, very steep and narrow, leads straight up from the "living room," which is apparently in the center of the house and fills the place of a hall. There are no balusters, but a whitewashed wall on either side, and only one person can go up at a time. At the top is a landing, with a bare painted floor, and doors opening from it. One of the doors is mine, and as they showed me in I could see that Patty and Ide both waited breathlessly for my verdict, their faces looking quite strained and anxious until I exclaimed:

"How fresh and pretty it is here!"

I meant it too. It is a dear room, with something pathetic about its simple sweetness, and the kind thought to give me pleasure which shows in every little innocent detail. The floor is covered with a white straw matting, and there are no two pieces of furniture that match. There's a wide wooden bed of no particular period that I can recognize, yet with an air of being old fashioned, and there are stiff, square shams to hide the pillows and turn down over the top of the sheet with fluted frills round the edges. The scent of dried rose leaves and lavender mingles with the perfume of the pinks, and some of the summer house pagodas on the wall are hidden with old fashioned steel engravings and photographs in homemade frames.

I didn't stop to examine the pictures at first, but after Patty and Ide had tripped away ("to see about my dinner," they said), I was attracted by a faded cabinet photograph framed with shells. It was a full length figure of a young man on horseback. He was dressed something like those splendid cowboys they took me to see at Earlscourt when I was a little girl, and the face was Mr. Brett's. It was so handsome and dashing I could hardly stop staring at it while I washed off the dust of motoring. Evidently the photograph in its frame has been on the wall a long time. I am glad they happened to put it in what they call the "spare room," so I can look at it whenever I like without any one noticing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Civil Service in England and America.

The difference between the civil service examination in England and in America is important and to the advantage of the English. In the United States the object is almost entirely to discover the immediate fitness of the candidates for the work they are expected to do. In England the object in most cases is to measure what their ability to do the work will be after they have learned it.—From "The Government of England," by A. Lawrence Lowell.

Bliss.

"What sort of time do you expect to have during the social season?"

"Fine," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Mother and the girls will be so busy thinking about their clothes that they won't have time to notice my grammar."—Washington Star.

The Other Side.

"I've been wondering about something."

"About what?"

"I wonder if cooks ever get together and discuss the missus problem."—Kansas City Journal.

OUR FIRST MUSTANGS.

They Were Probably Brought to This Country by the Spaniards.

The first horses of the western plains were probably brought there by the Spaniards. In 1545, almost fifty years before Jamestown was settled, Coronado, the Spanish captain, was roaming about the plains of New Mexico, and he tells of the dogs used by the Indians to haul their plunder on lodge poles, indicating that they had no horses at that date.

In 1716 the Spanish again worked their way eastward across the plains, and their letters tell of the astonishment of the Indians at seeing the horses they had with them. The expedition was constantly losing horses, and there is little doubt that the first droves of western horses originated from these strays.

In the early days upon the plains they were a great pest to travelers. Woe be unto the luckless camper who allowed a band of wild horses to get close enough to his gentle horses, turned out for the night, to sweep them off. It was almost useless to follow, for the call of the wild comes to the gentlest of horses when he is thrown with a band of his kind that have been born and raised free of all restraint. It is a well known fact that the hardest one to "cut out," the leader of them all in a mad race across the prairie, is the old, gentle, well broken saddle or work horse once he gets a taste of such freedom.—Will C. Barnes in McClure's.

PAPUAN COIFFURES.

Heads In New Guinea That Look Like Rising Suns.

"One of the most interesting things that came under my observation was the odd manner in which the people wore their hair," said a physician, describing a visit to New Guinea and the leading traits and characteristics of the inhabitants, known as Papuans. "One type wore the hair standing up from the head at a length of seven inches or more. It was trimmed with wonderful regularity and with mathematical accuracy. The hair was greased with cocoanut oil and painted red. At a distance it looked like a rising sun."

Another type of the inhabitants who wear their hair in an unusual fashion was described.

"Starting from the forehead," he said, "the hair is brushed back over the scalp and hangs down to the waist. It is a perfect mass, an intricate jungle. I am sure it was never combed, and it was impossible to run the fingers through it. At a distance it looks like a cap with the visor turned downward.

"One other odd type of hairdressing—coiffure, if you will—was observed on this visit. The hair was gathered at the front and back, then brought together above the head, where it was inclosed in a basket-like cylinder. The end spread out about two inches. Apparently these caps are never removed from the head."—Baltimore Sun.

Playing Greenhorn.

"Why did you tell the manager of that employment agency that you had just come over?" said one servant girl to another. "You didn't, you know. You have had three situations in New York."

"I know that," said the girl. "I pretended to be green so she would try harder to get me a good place. At most of these agencies the managers have green girls on their conscience. The sharks in the business, of course, will fleece them, but the average manager is sympathetic and gets them easy places to start with. I'll have a snap where I am going. The woman thinks I have just arrived and that she will have to break me in. Breaking in means that she will do half the work, while I will just stand around and look on. It pays sometimes to be a greenhorn."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Would Take Chances.

Mr. Philanthropist was passing a bakery when he observed a little girl gazing with longing eyes at some cakes displayed in the window. The youngster's wistful gaze was too much for Mr. Philanthropist, so he took immediate measures to satisfy her longing.

When she had in short order disposed of a rich bit of pastry she calmly asked for another.

"I should like very much to give you another," said the kindly man, "but I'm afraid it would make you sick."

"Get it for me anyhow," quickly responded the little girl. "I can git all the med'cine I need at the dispensary fer nuthin'."—New York Herald.

A Dangerous Place.

The two tramps had been particularly lucky, and, having funds in hand, they discussed plans for the night's shelter. "We can sleep under a roof if we like," said Wiggins.

"Sure we can," responded Higgins, "but some way these lodging houses make me nervous. Supposing a fire was to break out in the night?"

"You've got it right," agreed Wiggins dolefully. "It's no place for us. They'd turn the hose on us in a minute!"—Youth's Companion.

Scorched.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—What in the world is the matter with this shirt? Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Oh, I guess the girl boiled it a little too long, dear; that's all. Mr. Crimsonbeak—Looks to me as if she had fried it.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Lady Was Not the Ghost.

An Irish family once had a ghost so troublesome that they sent for detectives. One of these men late at night fell asleep in his chair. The lady of the house chanced to come into the room and could not resist the temptation to groan and rattle her keys. She had never played ghost before. It was momentary indiscretion. But the policeman did not and could hardly be expected to believe this. He said it was hardly worth while to bring him from Dublin, and he withdrew in dudgeon. Yet the lady was not really the ghost. He was sulking in retirement; hence doubt has been cast on the ghosts of haunted houses even among reflecting minds.—London News.

What Travelers Leave.

"Of the thousand and eight things left at hotels from time to time," remarked the hotel clerk, "razor strops have the other commodities pushed across the border in point of numbers. About 10 per cent of the people who have razor strops in their grips leave them behind. Of course the reason is that the strop is hanging up on a nail out of sight somewhere when the man packs up, and he doesn't think about it. His comb and brush are right on the dresser before him, and that's easy.

"Next to razor strops, though not hustling the strops for position, come the nighties of both genders. A good many send back after them, but a lot more people who leave them behind just abandon them. After so long we give them to charitable institutions. Then there are toothbrushes, slippers, combs, curling irons, soap boxes, clothesbrushes and a list of other things left behind longer than an expense account every month. People are just that forgetful."—New York Press.

Told It In Rhyme.

The late Rev. John Skinner, author of "Annals of Scottish Episcopacy," was first appointed to a charge in Montrose, whence he was removed to Banff, and ultimately to Forfar. After he had left Montrose it reached his ears that an ill natured insinuation was circulating there that he had been induced to leave this town by the temptation of a better income and of fat pork, which, it would appear, was plentiful in the locality of his new incumbency. Indignant at such an aspersion, he wrote a letter, directed to his maligners, vindicating himself sharply from it, which he showed to his grandfather, John Skinner of Langside, for his approval. The old gentleman objected to it as too lengthy and proposed the following pithy substitute:

Had Skinner been of carnal mind,
As strangely ye suppose,
Or had he even been fond of swine
He'd ne'er have left Montrose.

—"Reminiscences of Dean Ramsay."

Learning English.

The essential difference between the signification of words and terms in the English tongue which are almost the same in etymology and origin is a great element of difficulty to a foreigner who is learning the language, a fact to which a certain attache of a foreign mission at Washington recently testified.

When the budding diplomatist in question arrived at our national capital a year or two ago he soon capitulated to the charms of a young woman of the official set, and they speedily became the best of friends. A month or so ago the attache returned to this country after a lengthy leave of absence passed in his own land. About the first thing he did on reaching Washington was to send a note to the lady of his admiration, wherein, to her astonishment and indignation, he gave expression to this sentiment:

"Once more, my dear friend, I shall gaze upon your unmatched eyes."—Harper's Magazine.

The Origin of the Periwig.

The periwig, which played so important a part in the toilet of a man of fashion during part of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, owed its origin to Louis XIV. of France. When a little boy (he succeeded to the throne at five years of age) he possessed a profusion of remarkably beautiful waving hair which fell in clustering curls over his shoulders. The courtiers imitated the boy king by having heads of false hair to imitate his natural locks, and when Louis grew up he adopted the periwig himself.

During the reign of William and Mary periwigs were worn in exaggerated dimensions, and the beaux used to comb their wigs in public with special combs of ivory and tortoise shell, which became at last quite indispensable to these fine gentlemen.

The Precise Scientist.

A Pennsylvania official said of a noted Philadelphia scientist:

"He is the most exact man I ever met. He believes in nothing but proved facts. Continually he plays you down.

"One day I said to him:

"'Cannibalism—what an abomination! To eat of human flesh! Br-r-r!'

"The old scientist frowned.

"'Pardon me, but have you ever eaten of human flesh?' he said severely.

"'No,' said I.

"'Well, then,' he demanded, 'why do you speak of things that you know nothing at all about?'"—Philadelphia Record.

One Needed Rest.

"Your husband needs rest, madam," said the doctor.

"I know it!" she exclaimed triumphantly. "I've told it to him forty times a day for the last two months if I have told it to him once. I've just kept telling it to him all the time. John, how many times have I told you that you need rest?"

"On second thought," interrupted the doctor, "perhaps it would be better if you rested."

Troubled Even In Death.

"How is this? I thought you disliked your mother-in-law, and here you are carrying flowers to her grave!"

"Exactly! She hated 'em."—Journal Amusant.

The Uses of Scenery.

He (looking through his glass)—There's a glorious glacier which we shall soon reach. She—Oh, won't it make a lovely background to my blue frock!—Meggendorfer Blatter.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

JAMES P. TAYLOR,

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GENTLEMEN'S

Furnishing Goods,

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Rogers, Peet & Co.'s

CLOTHING.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens,

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

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GOLDBECK'S

Diastasic Extract of Malt.

This preparation represents the best and most nutritious form of MALT, containing a large percentage of diastase and extractive matter together with a minimum amount of alcohol. It is especially adapted to promote digestion of starchy food converting it into dextrine and glucose, in which form it is easily assimilated, forming fat.

It will be found invaluable in Weakness, Chronic Debility, Dyspepsia, (due to organic disease or infirmity), Nervous Exhaustion, Anemia, Malnutrition, etc.

To Nursing Mothers it wonderfully increases strength, aiding lactation, and supplying sugar and phosphates to the milk, whereby the infant is nourished.

In sleeplessness it causes quiet and natural sleep.

DIRECTIONS—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

Sold by D. W. SHEEHAN,
18 and 20 Kinsley's Wharf
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SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections, and RELIEVES in 24 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience.

MIDY

Sold by all druggists.

WATER

ALL PERSONS, desirous of having water introduced into their residence or places of business, should make application at the office, Marlboro street, near Thames.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 2 p. m.

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PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original and Only Genuine. SAFE. Always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH in RED and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Refuse Dangerous Substitutions and Imitations. Buy of your Druggist, or send 4c. in stamps for Particulars, Testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Sold by all Druggists. Chichester Chemical Co. Mention this paper. Madison Square, PHILA., PA.

Price of Coke

From June 15, 1908.

Prepared, delivered,

36 bushels,	$4.50
18 bushels,	$2.25

Common, delivered.

36 bushels,	$3.50
18 bushels,	$1.75

Price at works,

Prepared, 11c. a bushel, $10 for 100 bushels
Common, 9c. a bushel $8 for 100 bushels

Orders left at the Gas Office, 181 Thames street, or at Gas Works will be filled promptly.

Obeyed Directions.

Jones—Did you deliver my message to Mr. Smith?

Johnny—No, sir. His office was locked.

Jones—Well, why didn't you wait for him, as I told you?

Johnny—There was a note on the door saying, "Return at once," so I came back.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The customer raised his hand, and the barber, pausing in the operation of shaving him, inclined his head. "Sir?"

"Give me gas," said the customer.—London Globe.

Williams—You must expect to work if you are going to be elected to public office.

Walters—Oh, yes, I expect to work to get elected. But after that I won't have to do much of anything.—Somerville Journal.

Mrs. Hix—I don't take any stock in these faith cures brought about by the laying on of hands.

Mrs. Dix—Well, I do; I cured my little boy of the cigarette habit that way.—London Opinion.

Established by Franklin in 1758

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

[illegible]

Office Telephone [illegible]
House Telephone [illegible]

Saturday, March 13, 1909.

Mr. Armour thinks the price of beef will be lower when the price of corn goes down. Hope we shan't have to wait long.

There is no greater danger to coastwise navigation than a dense fog such as prevailed along the New England shore this week. It claimed many victims among the big ocean going vessels and smaller craft.

The Hartford Courant believes that the best way to punish reckless automobilists is to imprison their machines. Then the owner will not do any more speeding for some time, except in the case of the ultra rich who have a complete "stable" of different cars.

The death of Daniel F. Hayden, for many years council clerk of the city of Providence, makes a void that it will be hard to fill. He was thoroughly experienced and competent in all his duties and was of a companionable and genial nature with a host of friends.

Wonderland, the amusement park at Revere Beach, near Boston, was sold the other day at a mortgage sale for $50,000 to the bondholders' committee. The property is assessed for $400,000 and was mortgaged for $250,000. Amusement parks do not appear to be very profitable.

Daily auto-bus service between the Waldorf-Astoria in New York city and the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia was begun Monday when a six cylinder limousine Aerno left the Bellevue-Stratford at 10.30 a. m. and arrived at the Waldorf-Astoria at 5.60 p. m. The regular fare will be $15. Think we will go by rail.

Washington statements claim that President Taft is strongly in favor of a tax on business rather than on the homes, and that he is positively opposed to a tax on the breakfast table. If necessary, he prefers a revival of the Spanish War stamps. It is said he is anxious that the tariff makers should have in mind constantly the estimate of Assistant Secretary of Treasury Coolidge that the treasury deficit June 30, 1909, will aggregate $114,000,000.

Mr. Fairbanks of Indiana thinks there is a tendency to-day toward a centralization of power in the nation's capital. In some respects that is no doubt true, and yet the States still retain a large portion of their powers and privileges, which should never be abridged. Of course there are times when the form of State government is inconvenient, as in the case of the California legislation against the Japanese, but a case of this kind is unusual and will not disprove the doctrine that has been observed from the beginning, that each State has full jurisdiction over its own internal affairs.

Andrew Carnegie, as president of the Peace Society, being asked what in his opinion was the next easiest and most practical step that could be taken to limit further naval expansion in the interest of international peace, replied: "Britain and America to agree, as follows: America will defend against attack the British possessions upon the Atlantic, including the Islands in the South. Britain will defend against attack the American coast upon the Pacific, and Hawaii and the Philippines. This agreement to terminate at the end of five years' notice given by either party."

For United Action.

The effort to revive the interest of Newport business men in a new development of the city's resources is one that should meet with liberal encouragement. There may be a difference of opinion as to the methods of improving business conditions but there can be no dispute as to the necessity for doing something. It is past the time when Newporters can sit down quietly and wait for business to come to them in the complacent knowledge that we have here natural advantages that can be found nowhere else. This is true to a certain extent. Newport has unique gifts of nature, but the hand of man has done little to develop them as to bring results. But other seashore resorts, less favored by nature, have been so far developed, improved, and especially advertised that they are getting people who would come here under different conditions.

The first and foremost need of the city is [illegible], but we shall never develop our summer business to any extent until we get this. There are ways by which this may be accomplished, but all will require the united effort of the people of Newport. For [illegible] business men of Newport, we must look to ourselves. The government [illegible] we can do [illegible]. Manufacturing of [illegible] would injure nobody and would be a great benefit to the city, but a good move in this direction [illegible] [illegible].

There is much that can be done but unless the people act united, there is absolutely no necessity of trying to do anything.

General Assembly.

The committees of the General Assembly have been very busy in the last few days holding hearings on a variety of bills that have been presented to them. In consequence it has meant long hours for those members who are on the important committees.

There have been many bills and resolutions passed, but most of them have been of a local nature. Senator Henry C. Anthony of Portsmouth has presented petitions signed by many residents of Newport, asking for the passage of the bill restricting the taking of lobsters to citizens of the United States. Representative Franklin has reported the policy bill, so-called, with recommendation of passage. The bill allowing the board of health of Newport to close privy vaults has also been reported favorably.

There are many more hearings set for next week, and by that time there will probably be business enough to keep the members on the floor much of the time.

Governor Pothier has appointed William P. Buffum of Newport a member of the State Sanitarium Board.

"Yellow" Newspapers.

Mr. Roosevelt has become a contributing editor to the Outlook and in the issue of last week he had a signed article, in which he had something to say about newspapers. He condemned those which are known as "yellows," just as everybody else condemns them, though "everybody" may read them regularly; and then he said something which a great many people may have thought but which not so many have had the courage to say. He declared that the newspaper of the "high order," which boasts of its superiority, the sense of superiority manifesting itself by continual criticism of public officials and others, either direct or implied, is also a newspaper which is a danger to the public. Such a newspaper creates a suspicion which is unjustified. It fosters the thought that men of education, men of training, distrust public officials, and while it may not positively declare that conditions are bad it does not hesitate to imply that they are such. Continuous unfavorable criticism becomes a misrepresentation which is most effective.

There is much of truth in what Mr. Roosevelt writes. Suspicion of everybody and everything does not help toward good results. The public is easily affected by the assertion of such suspicion, especially when it comes from sources in which confidence is placed. There may be more than one kind of "yellow" newspaper.—Westerly Sun.

Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh it is said proposes to administer the fiscal affairs of the government with especial regard for the business interests of the country, and will carry on a campaign of publicity immediately following the introduction of the tariff bill, informing the business interests of the country just what this measure contains. Mr. MacVeagh believes that this policy will result in a quicker resumption of business that has ever followed the passage of any previous tariff legislation. It is also reported that Mr. MacVeagh will not hasten into an issue of bonds to meet the growing deficit in the treasury. In all probability, it is asserted, the new secretary will not put out bonds before midsummer at the earliest, if his present plans are carried out.

The New York papers are claiming that Chairman Payne of the ways and means committee is determined to put a $50,000,000 tax on the American breakfast table. He favors putting a specific duty of five cents per pound on coffee, while tea and sugar may have to bear a share in providing additional revenue. A reciprocity agreement with Canada on soft coal is now in the Payne bill. Canada now levies 53 cents per ton on American coal, and the United States, 65 cents per ton on Canadian coal. By this arrangement Nova Scotia coal will come into the New England manufacturing district cheaper and compete with American coal.

New York Herald Paris cable says Robert Goelet has become proprietor of the fine French castle and domain of Sandricourt, Oise, near Paris, at a price of 1,000,000 (nearly $200,000).

RATE LAWS NULLIFIED

Court Decision Which May Kill All the Two-Cent Rates.

Kansas City, March [illegible]—Missouri's 2-cent passenger and maximum freight laws were nullified by a decision handed down in the United States district court by Judge McPherson, who held that both the commodity and passenger laws were confiscatory and unconstitutional. As a result, it is believed, there will be a quick return in Missouri to 3-cent fares.

Frank Hagerman, for the eighteen companies involved, asserts that the decision sounds the death knell of the 2-cent rate in every state in the union.

The state, on the other hand, declares emphatically that Missouri's fight for lower railroad rates will be continued.

Death of Major Zalinski.

New York, March 11.—Major Edmund L. G. Zalinski, U. S. A., retired, the inventor of the pneumatic dynamite torpedo gun and other military devices, died here from pneumonia. He was in his 60th year.

Army Officer a Deserter.

Washington, March [illegible]—First Lieutenant Edward L. Marks, Twentieth infantry, has been dropped from the roll of the army for desertion.

Typhoid Fever in Madrid

Madrid, March [illegible]—Madrid has been visited by an epidemic of typhoid fever. More than 150 cases already have been reported, many hospitals, and there have been many deaths.

Work for the Administration.

Except for the industrial stagnation and the treasury deficit, the signs in the political sky are especially favorable to the new president. His well wishers comprise practically the entire 90,000,000 of Americans. To a considerable extent the welfare of the country, for the moment, is bound up with his political fortunes. He needs all the aid which the sympathies of his countrymen can give him, for no other president in a generation has been confronted with a larger amount of difficult problems than those which are just ahead of Mr. Taft. And some of them are so imminent and so imperious that their challenge met him even before he sat down at his desk in the executive office. He saw one of these in the steadily broadening gap between governmental receipts and expenditures. Within twenty-four hours the revenues fell more than $800,000 below the disbursements. If this were an isolated manifestation it would not have attracted attention. Unhappily, it has been the regular order of things for much more than a year. And the adverse balance keeps on increasing. This portent will have a prominent place in the message which he will send to Congress at the opening of the called session on Monday of next week. Between now and then Mr. Taft and his councellors will be compelled to give some serious thought to the devices which ought to be adopted to bridge this gulf. Especially will his finance minister, Mr. MacVeagh, be forced to address himself to this problem. Except that the country's finances are basically solid now, and that there is no endless chain to draw the gold from the treasury, Secretary MacVeagh will have a larger task even than Secretary Carlisle, in Cleveland's second administration, in trying to restore the old equilibrium between the treasury's debits and credits.

The Stock Exchange barometer registers the general hopefulness at the outlook, but the feeling is not likely to become boisterous soon. The steel war is with us. Tariff adjustment lies just ahead. For the moment there is a halt in trade. Except for immediate needs nobody buys now, for many persons think that the tariff changes will send some commodities down, but just which are to be affected in that direction nobody knows. There will be very little of the spectacular in the doings of the speculative exchanges in the next few months, according to the present indications. And this will be agreeable to the country. A gradual recovery in business is better than spasmodic fluctuations. Nobody has a larger stake in the re-establishments of prosperity than has the man who has just gone to the head of the government. To a greater degree than is commonly supposed the success or failure of an administration is gauged by the material condition of the people during the period. The second terms of Grant and Cleveland are associated in the popular mind with great financial convulsions, each of which had an adverse effect on the party to which the President belonged. It must be remembered that there is a limit to a president's influence either in precipitating panics or in ending them when they come. The laws of economics can neither be repealed nor be amended by White House pronunciamentos or by enactments of Congress. The country may rely on it, however, that president and Congress will, to the extent of their power, re-enforce the great representative factors which are actively at work.—Globe Democrat.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., March 11, 1909.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent March 10 to 11, warm wave 9 to 13, cool wave 12 to 16. This disturbance was expected to cause a great rise in temperatures, a warm wave of short duration and rapid eastward drift and be followed by a cold wave in northern and a cool wave in southern states. The intensity of all the weather features of this disturbance was expected to be greater than usual. Severe storms are probable about or immediately following March 13.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific Coast about March 15, cross Pacific slope by close of 16, great central valleys 17 to 19, eastern states 20. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about March 15, great central valleys 17, eastern states 19. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about 18, great central valleys March 20, eastern states 22.

This disturbance will inaugurate a long period of unusually warm weather, good crop weather, but in a few localities the storms will be severe. Not much rain and very little snow anywhere on the continent. Not much cool weather anywhere for balance of March.

The traditional equinoctial storms will come during the passage of this disturbance across the continent. The equinoctial storms are very much misunderstood and orthodox scientists seem determined they shall not be understood.

The March equinoxes occur about March 20 to 22 and the records indicate unusual activities about that time in the earth's magnetic forces. These magnetic activities are favorable to severe storms, which, about that time, may be called equinoctial.

But this increased force of the storms will not occur everywhere. Storm centers, on March 21, will be moving eastward across the continent and the increased equinoctial forces will [illegible] effect wherever these storm centers may be located and not at other localities.

My calculations say there will be two storm waves on the continent March 21, one of these in the eastern states and one on Pacific slope, and I say that these storms, wherever they may be on March 21, will greatly increase in force within one day of that date. Watch it and judge for yourself.

This is not because it will be the equinoctial day but because the moon and the planets Jupiter, Mars, and Mercury will be located so as to greatly increase the earth's magnetic activities on that day.

In other years these planetary positions may be such as to add force to the earth's equinoctial forces at any time from March 14 to 28 and therefore the equinoctial storms may occur in other years at any time during these two weeks, but this year they will occur near March 21 and greatly on Pacific slope and in eastern states and eastern provinces.

I am expecting a drouth in part of the United States that will somewhat affect crops. These bulletins will contain forecasts of that drouth.

Washington Matters.

The Violent Storm Deprived the Inaugural Ceremonies of Much of Their Pleasure—The Scene Inside the Senate Chamber—Short Street Parade to the White House—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., March 11, 1909.

That "the best laid plans of mice and men gang oft agley" was never better demonstrated than in the inauguration of the new President Thursday when the elements gathered themselves together for the most disagreeable day of the winter and succeeded in nullifying to an almost incredible degree the efforts that had been made to have this inauguration surpass any that had preceded it. Wednesday, the day before, when the immense crowds had gathered in anticipation of the ceremonies and celebration, dawned wet and cold. Rain fell all day and toward night there were lightning and thunder and heavy showers. Later the snow began and continued to fall until the streets were buried several inches deep. By daylight the city was cut off from outside communication, telegraph and telephone wires were down and the wind had brought down the poles and left loose wires swinging in the streets. Never before had there been such desolation on inauguration day. The seats in the grand stands which had been erected all along the line of the march were banked with snow. The decorations had either faded out in hideous blurs of red, white and blue or they had fallen to the pavements from their weight of snow. The light wooden pillars which had been stationed along both sides of Pennsylvania Avenue lay in the streets with their decorations of flags and wreaths buried in the snow. The gutters were filled with ice and slush and it was impossible to cross the streets without going over one's shoe tops in the icy flood. Comparatively few had the courage to venture out in the gale and storm so that when Mr. Taft accompanied by Mr. Roosevelt was driven swiftly up the Avenue to the Capitol there was only a small straggling shivering crowd to greet them.

Strangers in the city who had shelter were glad to stay in doors and the residents accustomed to the mild temperatures of this semi Southern climate scarcely knew how to face a blizzard that seemed more suited to the Dakotas or Canada. Thousands were without adequate shelter. The troops recently returned from Cuba were assigned to canvas tents near the river bank and after two years in a tropical climate found themselves in a subarctic temperature with no other protection than these flimsy tents afforded. At the railroad station all was confusion and chaos. Wires being down there was no communication with incoming trains and these arrived unheralded from three to thirty hours late. Many of the passengers arriving at night did not venture out of the station to find lodgings and fifteen hundred people spent the night in the station. Hundreds of others did not arrive in time for the inauguration at all but came in on the limping trains many hours late. Many others reaching the city gave one glance at the conditions and boarded the next train out for home. Baltimore hotels were crowded by the inauguration visitors who got as far as the Monumental city and divining the conditions at the Capital stopped off there. The West Point Cadets did not get into the city until the next day and suffered as many others from lack of food and accommodations on the train which had not provided for such an exigency. It would take columns to express the disappointment and disgust of the strangers who had come from great distances to see the Inauguration and Congress came in well for the righteous indignation of everyone for not having long ago changed the inaugural date to a later season when better weather might be counted on.

It was impossible for Mr. Taft to make his address outside the Capitol and the crowd that defied the weather to gather in anticipation of hearing him shared the disappointment that seemed to attend all the plans for the day. Even the Senate galleries which had been carefully reserved seat by seat for the families of the Congressmen had rows of vacant places when Mr. Taft took the oath of office.

The scene inside the Senate Chamber when the inclemency outside was forgotten was one likely to be long remembered by those who were present. Never had the retiring President appeared to better advantage. His face was one worth showing the strain of the last few days which had been filled with work and worry but his boundless, restless energy never seemed so striking as when contrasted with the heavy placidity of his successor. He seemed in a serious mood but he moved briskly, almost electrically through his part in the ceremonies, gave a final entrance that came near being a bear like hug to the incoming President and bounded out and away to the station before the cheering, enthusiastic crowd seemed to realize that he was gone. Then for the first time the people gathered there, many his close friends and many more with whom he had come at various times in clamorous conflict realized that the greatest man among them was to be among them no more. With his disappearance the animosities seemed to fade and the expressions heard on all sides with reference to him indicated that the softening process of time by which his faults would be overlooked and his transcendant work appreciated had already begun.

After taking the oath of office and making his address Mr. Taft accompanied by his wife, this being the first occasion when a President's wife has appeared in the carriage with him on his way to the White House for the first time as President, drove up the Avenue along the line which was to have been the route of the parade. A few brave soldiers, a civic club or two from Ohio and a number of stragglers followed the Presidential carriage and composed all there was of the spectacle which thousands had come miles to see and for which many had paid from twenty-five to six hundred dollars for windows from which to view it.

It is said that Senator Aldrich will not wait longer for a draft of the House tariff measure, but will convene the Senate finance committee at once. It is said that the outlines of the Senate measure have been fairly shaped, and that it will not take long to put them in definite form.

Mr. Annie [illegible] Sisson has entered the employ of the Savings Bank of Newport, resigning his position with the Newport Trust Company.

Willie (at the opera)—Mamma, what does papa keep going out between the act for?

Mother—Sh! He goes out for opera glasses.—Judge.

To the Mercury subscribers outside of Rhode Island, living in other States.

I offer a tract of land for sale on Conanicut Island, with about ¼ a mile of frontage on the waters of Narragansett Bay, for $12,500 (twelve thousand five hundred dollars). There is a residence containing 9 rooms, with barn for 3 cows and 4 horses. A stream of water runs through the grounds, which are partly wooded. A most attractive place to be transformed into a paying farm and summer residence of unusual extent and picturesqueness.

Write to the sale agent, Mr. A. [illegible] TAYLOR, 132 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I., who is a Commissioner of Deeds for most of the States, and Notary Public for Rhode Island.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

MARCH 1909. STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water Morn	High water Eve.
13 Sat	6 16	6 1	mo'n	11 51	
14 Sun	6 14	6 3	0 56	12 27	1 01
15 Mon	6 13	6 4	1 39	1 29	2 11
16 Tues	6 11	6 5	2 41	2 31	3 22
17 Wed	6 9	6 9	3 37	3 28	4 18
18 Thurs	6 5	6 10	4 29	4 31	5 10
19 Fri	6 6	6 11	5 9	5 31	5 31

Full Moon, 6th day, 9h. 56m., evening.
Last Quarter, 14th day, 10h. 42m., evening.
New Moon, 21st day, 3h. 11m., evening.
First Quarter, 28th day, 11h. 19m., morning.

Deaths.

In this city, 6th inst., at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Annie Reed, 362½ Thames street, Johanna, widow of Thomas Sullivan.

In this city, 6th inst., Tobias Edwards, aged 70 years.

In this city, 7th inst., Harriet, daughter of the late Nathaniel and Elizabeth Fales.

Released from her sufferings 7th inst., Florence F., wife of Jeremiah Parmenter.

In this city, 9th inst., at his residence, 20½ Franklin street, John Cremin.

In this city, 9th inst., at his residence, 126 Spring street, Moses Brotherson.

In this city, 10th inst., Mary Catherine, infant daughter of James J. and Mary Catherine Moran.

In this city, 10th inst., Cecelia M. Cisco.

In this city, 11th inst., at the residence of her parents, 100 John street, Veronica, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. King, aged 13 years, 11 months.

Drowned in Middletown, 4th inst., Manuel Avelar Ferreira, aged 21 years.

In South Portsmouth, 5th inst., Thomas W. Sherman, in his 70th year.

In Portsmouth, 6th inst., at his residence, Bradford avenue, Lemuel C. Williams, in his 70th year.

In North Tiverton, 9th inst., Peleg S. Stafford, in his 83d year.

In Rome, Italy, 6th inst., of pneumonia, Edwin C. Cushman, formerly of this city.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

[signature]

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE IVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

SHOES

FOR EVERY NEED, AT

THE

T. Mumford Seabury

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214 Thames Street.

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Outside Painting,

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Will receive prompt attention.

If Workmanlike manner.

if given to

John O. Williams,

38 BROADWAY

I AM ALSO AGENT FOR

Alfred Peats Wall Papers.

A Full Line of all the

NEW

AND

Improved Varieties

[illegible]

VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.

Middletown.

Mr. Thomas West Sherman, a man well known and greatly respected on the Island, died on Friday March 5th at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Samuel Spooner, on the East Main Road in the 70th year of his age. Mr. Sherman was the son of Wm. G. and Lydia Sherman of Newport and was the eldest of 10 children. Born in Newport August 15th, 1839, his family removed the next year to Middletown where he spent his almost entire life. On November 22d, 1860, he was united in marriage to Harriet Matilda Peckham, (a daughter of John Peckham) who survives him and by whom he had two children.

In business, Mr. Sherman was a farmer having lived in recent years on Mitchell's Lane. Four years ago, on account of failing health, he sold his farm and with his wife removed to the home of his daughter, where he has since resided winters, spending his summers with his son in Jamestown. His last illness seemed to develop seriously in September and he has been a great sufferer since that time. His death, which occurred at the home of his daughter, resulted from dropsy of the heart in connection with other complications.

Mr. Sherman is survived by a widow, by two children Mrs. Rose Spooner, wife of Samuel Spooner of Portsmouth, and Mr. John Henry Sherman of Jamestown, and by four brothers and one sister; William and Theodore Sherman of Middletown, Southwick Sherman of New York, Roger Sherman of Fair Haven, Mass., and Mrs. Mary Tilley, widow of Mr. Lovey Tilley of Newport.

The funeral was held on Monday afternoon at the home of his daughter and was largely attended. The services were conducted by Rev. D. C. Loucks of the Christian church Portsmouth and were very simple; a reading of portions of the Scripture followed by prayer and a short address upon the life to come and our preparations for meeting it.

The interment was in the Middletown Cemetery where Rev. Mr. Loucks conducted the committal service. Mr. Restcom L. Manchester, Mr. George Anthony, Mr. Herbert Chase, and Mr. Charles Albro, acted as bearers.

Portsmouth, Middletown and Jamestown were represented in the gathering and many relatives were present from Newport. Among the more prominent of the floral tributes was a pillow of white tulips, hyacinths and pinks from the children, a palm branch tied with purple ribbon, and a large wreath of ferns and white carnations, and other loose clusters.

It was voted at the last regular meeting of the Newport County Pomona Grange which was held at Portsmouth in February to have an additional meeting in March which should meet in Tiverton. The proposition to hold meetings monthly instead of the usual two months, as in the past, will be brought up and decided at the March meeting. The speaker of the afternoon is to be Mr. Jesse B. Mowry, of Chepachet, R. I., State Commissioner on forestry. An interesting musical program is also promised by members of Nonquit Grange, Tiverton, who have the name of being the most hospitable and enterprising grange in the county.

The continued unpleasant weather has seriously interfered with social events. The supper and social to have been held on Tuesday evening at the town hall by the citizens association, was obliged to be postponed Tuesday on account of the rain, and was held Wednesday although the night was quite unpleasant. There was an attendance of 100 and the evening was considered a success in spite of the weather. Dancing was enjoyed until a late hour—Winifred Carter being at the piano, assisted by Mr. Augustus Allen, violin; Mr. William Almy performed the duties of prompter. The affair was conducted by the entertainment committee, Messrs. Dennis J. Murphy, Frank T. Peckham, and Wm. G. Brown. Refreshments were served.

The social evening of the Epworth League was appointed for Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Peckham on Wapping Road, but owing to the poor weather the attendance was too small to permit of a regular meeting. An entertaining program had been prepared by the superintendent of the social department Mrs. William J. Peckham. This was not carried out owing to lack of numbers, and the evening was spent in a general social way with music. Upon the departure of the guests it was found to be moonlight.

Plans are being discussed in favor of holding a masquerade at the Berkeley Parish House about the middle of April.

The children at the Peabody School are showing much interest in the singing lessons which are being given on Monday and Friday afternoons of each week at the school under the direction of Mrs. Belle Tallman of Portsmouth, and their progress is gratifying not only to Mrs. Tallman, and to their school teacher, Miss Bertha Morrison, but to Mrs. Wm. R. Hunter as well, to whom they are indebted for this especial privilege.

Distracted Mother (opening the door of the playroom)—What are you boys making all this terrible racket about?

Her Youngest—We're playin' congress, ma. We've just had a message from the president!—Chicago Tribune.

"I suppose," said the fair prison visitor, "that the singing of the little birds helps to relieve the monotony for you."

"Wot birds?" queried the prisoner.

"Why, the jail birds," replied the fair visitor. "I've often heard of them."—Chicago Daily News.

"Now the officers of the navy are up for a test."

"What do they have to do?"

"Dance 10 miles, flirt 10 miles and do small talk for four hours continuously."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"My husband got hardly any sleep at all last night, doctor."

"Did you give him the medicine I left for his insomnia?"

"Yes, doctor, regularly. I woke him up every half hour to take it, as you said."—Baltimore American.

Mrs. Pepp (by accident) For once in my life I know where my husband is.

Mrs. P.—Where are they now?

Mr. P.—The baby's swallowed [illegible].—Cleveland Leader.

First Young Lady (at railroad station)—What time is it now, dear?

Second Young Lady (looking at her watch)—Mercy! We must begin saying good-bye, dear. The train will leave in half an hour.—Illustrated Bits.

STEAMER SINKS OFF NANTUCKET

Horatio Goes Down In Half Hour After Being Hit

IS RAMMED BY THE DIMOCK

Call For Help by Wireless Gets Tangled In Wild Jumble of Atmospheric Pulsations—Dimock Takes Passengers From Ill-Fated Vessel and Is Obliged to Beach Because of Her Own Injuries—No Lives Lost

Chatham, Mass., March 11.—Blanketed by a dense fog and proceeding at half speed, the coastwise steamers Horatio Hall, Portland for New York, and H. F. Dimock, New York for Boston, met in the middle of the narrow channel known as Pollock Rip Slue with a crash that sent the Hall to the bottom within a half an hour and caused the Dimock to run ashore on Cape Cod beach six hours later, when the passengers and crew of the Hall were landed without the loss of a single life.

The wireless operator on board the Hall was able to send the following message before his batteries gave out: "Horatio Hall in collision with H. F. Dimock at 8 a. m. Ship out below water-line. Is on bottom. Send assistance."

This message was picked up by half a dozen government stations and a number of amateurs, but before a reply could be sent or the operator asked for the position of the Hall a small army of wireless plants, government, professional and amateur, began hurling pulsations into the atmosphere until there was a wild jumble, and all intelligence was lost.

The six hours' silence which followed the cry for help from the Hall were full of anxiety. It was believed that no lives had been lost, but there was no surety as to that fact. The first reassuring word came with the landing of the passengers from the Dimock shortly after 2 o'clock.

It appears that the Horatio Hall left Portland at 10:30 o'clock Tuesday night with five passengers, a crew of about forty, some 400 tons of freight and a valuable horse. The Dimock had left New York in the afternoon and both ran into the fog off the southeastern Massachusetts coast about the same time on Wednesday.

The fog was very dense, but it was daylight and both captains were whistling frequently. Although accounts vary, it is apparent that there was a misunderstanding of signals, for shortly after 8 o'clock the two steamers suddenly loomed out of the fog and before either could sheer off they met in what seemed more like a crushing jar than a terrific crash.

The sharp nose of the Dimock went through the side of the Hall abreast of the mainmast and had sufficient force to penetrate fifteen or twenty feet into the Hall's body. Captain Thompson of the Dimock started to back his steamer, but seeing that he might save those on board, sent her full speed ahead, held her nose into the jagged rent in the Hall, and as he pushed the latter over toward the shoal water on the side of the Slue the five passengers on the Hall were dragged over the tangled mass of wreckage to the deck of the Dimock.

The five passengers were as follows: M. E. Marks, New York; W. S. St. Marie, Biddeford, Me.; Michael Dolan, New York; Miss Ruth Emstrom and Miss Gurli Emstrom, Brooklyn.

As soon as the passengers from the Hall had gained the Dimock, the latter backed off a few hundred yards, while the former slowly sank until she struck bottom, with her hurricane deck remaining just above water. While she was sinking a greater part of the crew left her on six life boats and rowed over to the Dimock, but Captain Jewett, his pilot, mate and two seamen decided to remain in the pilot house of the Hall, although only a few feet above the water.

The Dimock remained near the scene until 11:15, and then started slowly north. The forward bulkheads of the Dimock held in fine shape, but on the starboard side, a few feet from the bow, was a hole eight feet long by two feet wide which reached to the water-line.

She had not gone far when it was seen that she was listing badly, and fearing that the bulkheads might not hold, Captain Thompson ordered the two women from the Hall and two women passengers whom he had on board into one of the lifeboats and told the men that if the steamer went down that he would endeavor to clear away the rest of the lifeboats, but that the women must be saved first.

Under these conditions the Dimock crept slowly in toward the back side of Cape Cod until, just before reaching the Orleans life saving station, her head was turned and she was driven well up on the beach.

Must Eliminate Fancy Names

Washington, March 12.—As many packers put up "hump back" and "dog" salmon under fancy names and sell them to consumers who believe them to be superior varieties, the department of agriculture has ordered that these fish when canned shall be labelled with their common names.

Would Change Inauguration Date

Washington, March 12.—Representative Henry of Texas asked permission of Speaker Cannon to introduce the first measure in the Sixty-First congress, a joint resolution proposing to amend the constitution of the United States so as to change the date of inauguration from March 4 to April 30.

LEADERS STUNNED

Prohibition Issue Suddenly Thrust Upon Massachusetts Legislature

Boston, March 12.—The legislative committee on constitutional amendments voted to report to the legislature a resolve providing for an amendment to the state constitution to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors within the commonwealth.

It was the feature of the legislative session of yesterday and one that stunned the Republican leaders, who foresee that the legislature will be split wide open in the settlement of the prohibition issue suddenly thrust upon it.

At the last election more places voted against liquor than at any time in the history of the state.

MOORS DEFEAT FRENCH

Machine Guns and Specie Captured In Senegal Engagements

Bordeaux, March 12.—Passengers who have arrived here on the steamer Afrique from Senegal, a French colonial dependency in Western Africa, report that Colonel Gouraud's column recently suffered a severe defeat in that district, after several sharp engagements, in which they lost heavily.

The Moors captured several machine guns from the French and a large amount of specie.

Three thousand tribesmen, armed with magazine rifles, were threatening Podor, a French military post on the Senegal.

TAMPERING WITH PEOPLE'S FOODS

It Will Not Be Countenanced by Secretary Wilson

Washington, March 12.—A formidable movement, the purpose of which is to induce Secretary of Agriculture Wilson to modify or reverse his recent decision that flour bleached by nitrogen peroxide is an adulterated product under the food and drugs act, is on foot.

Secretary Wilson resolutely will stand by his decision.

"I am utterly hostile to having the people's food tampered with," declared the secretary. "We want to know that what we eat is the pure product."

BRUTE IN HUMAN FORM

Janer Is Sent to Penitentiary For Twenty-One Years

Towson, Md., March 12.—Joseph M. Janer of Brooklyn was convicted of felonious assault upon Catherine Loerch, 12 years of age, also of Brooklyn, and was sentenced to twenty-one years in the Maryland penitentiary, this being the maximum possible under the particular count of the indictment on which conviction was had.

It was in evidence that Janer brought the child to Baltimore, representing her to be his daughter, and during two nights, one spent in a disreputable house and the other in a boarding house, repeately subjected her to most brutal ill-treatment.

Janer's counsel made a motion for a new trial, but this was subsequently withdrawn. When sentence was pronounced Janer showed not the slightest emotion. He was taken immediately to the penitentiary in Baltimore.

Janer's wife was in court throughout the trial.

BEGINS PRISON TERM

Organizer McGee Holds a Reception Before Going to Jail

New Haven, March 12.—Frank F. McGee of Worcester, Mass., national organizer of the Moulders' union, has begun a year's sentence for intimidation of non-union men in a local foundry during a strike.

McGee had an informal reception before going to jail. With time off for good behavior McGee will be released next January.

POOR MAN'S BIG FAMILY

Fourteen Children Greet Two New Brothers and Two Sisters

Havana, March 12.—The wife of a poor cigarmaker of Havana, the mother of fourteen children, gave birth Thursday to quadruplets, two boys and two girls.

President Gomez sent his congratulations to the mother as a woman deserving well of the republic, with tender and substantial assistance.

Roosevelt's Order Revoked

Washington, March 5.—The order of the secretary of the navy given at the direction of President Roosevelt abolishing the navy yard at Pensacola, Fla., and New Orleans, has been revoked by Secretary Meyer.

Alleged Padding of Payroll

Pittsfield, Mass., March 12.—Charged with larceny of $250 by padding the payroll of the New England Telephone and Telegraph company, Eli Audrey and William H. Martin were placed under arrest here.

A Mass of Wreckage

Cuthbert, Ga., March 12.—Cuthbert is rallying from the effects of last Tuesday's storm. By actual count 256 frame buildings were blown down and 22 brick stores were demolished.

Sousa a Crack Shot

Pinehurst, N. C., March 12.—John P. Sousa, the musical composer, was the winner of the trap-shooting tournament here, shooting from scratch and scoring 53 out of a possible 100.

STANDARD OIL IS NOT GUILTY

Judge Instructs Rebate Jury to Return Verdict to That Effect

A BLOW TO GOVERNMENT SUITS

Marks the End of Famous Case In Which Original Penalty of $29,240,000 Imposed by Judge Landis Was Set Aside by Court of Appeals—Federal Attorneys Say Trusts Are Now Safe From Prosecution

Chicago, March 11.—In the opinion of federal attorneys the decision of Judge Anderson invalidates class tariffs and will make it impossible to convict a shipper for violation of the class tariff regulations.

Judge Anderson decided in the retrial of the Standard Oil company case, touching the $29,240,000 fine imposed by Judge Landis, that the jury must return a verdict of not guilty on all the counts of the indictment.

The decision of Anderson followed several previous decisions in which he knocked the props from under the government's case.

"As I view the matter the proof to support these counts absolutely fails," said the court. "I deem these fatal errors," he concluded, after summing up his reasons for his decision.

The decision marks the end of the famous Chicago & Alton case, in which Judge Landis imposed a fine of $29,240,000.

The $29,240,000 fine was originally imposed by Landis in the United States circuit court of the northern district of Illinois, but it was imposed upon the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

This made the opening for the Standard Oil's appeal. The Standard Oil attorney contended that the fine if imposed at all should have been imposed on the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, and that this concern was unable to pay any such fine as $29,240,000. This view was upheld by the United States circuit court of appeals, which set aside the fine.

TO PROSECUTE TWO CASES

Government Abandons All Other Suits Against Standard Oil

Chicago, March 12.—All of the criminal cases of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana pending in the northern district of Illinois, with the exception of two cases, have been abandoned by the government, as the result of Judge Anderson's decision, it is announced.

The two cases that may still be prosecuted are those involving oil shipments from Whiting, Ind., to Evansville, Ind., over the Chicago and Eastern Illinois railroad by way of Dalton Junction, Ills.

POLICEMAN KILLS WIFE

Member of Boston Department Then Fatally Wounds Himself.

Boston, March 9.—During a fit of temporary insanity at his home at 177 London street, Patrolman Daniel D. Spillane of Station 1 shot his wife, Mrs. Isabelle T. Spillane, through the forehead as she lay asleep, killing her instantly. He then turned the revolver upon himself, and an hour and a quarter later died from a bullet wound in the head.

Spillane, who for 21 years had been attached to the Boston police force, had for the last ten years been gradually failing in health, and for two years since the death of his only daughter, Agnes, aged 19, has been subject to deep fits of despondency.

SAYS "DON'T MARRY"

Lynn Spinster Has Got Along 102 Years Without a Husband

Lynn, Mass., March 11.—"If you want to live long and die happy, don't get married. Take this bit of advice from me, the oldest old maid in the country, I guess."

Aunt Phebe Anne Wade celebrated her 102d birthday Wednesday and when a bevy of Lynn school teachers called with flowers and congratulations she gave them the above bit of matrimonial advice.

Guilty of Atrocities

Brussels, March 10.—Lieutenant Arhold of the Belgian army, who was at one time denounced by the missionaries for burning and pillaging villages, assassinations and other atrocities in the Congo, has been found guilty of a series of charges of this nature and sentenced to imprisonment for twelve years.

MUST QUIT MISSOURI

Supreme Court Refuses Standard Oil Company a Rehearing

Jefferson City, Mo., March 10.—The motions by the Standard Oil Company of Indiana and the Republic Oil Company of Ohio for a hearing of the ouster suit, recently decided against them, and for a modification of the judgment, were overruled by the Missouri supreme court.

The effect of these decisions is to expel the Indiana and Ohio companies from Missouri.

Miners' Demands Refused

Philadelphia, March 12.—The anthracite coal operators' committee met the hard coal miners' committee here and flatly refused to grant any of the demands the men laid before them. At the same time they proposed to the mine workers that the present agreement, which expires March 31, be renewed for another term of three years.

CAMPAIGN MONEY

Said to Have Been Squeezed From Federal Employes

Wilmington, Del., March 12.—Charged with soliciting political contributions from federal employes in 1907 Ulysses F. Glick, former manager of the Republican state headquarters here, was arrested and held in $4000 bail by Commissioner Mahaffy, for a preliminary hearing on March 18.

The warrant was sworn out by Secretary Doyle of the civil service commission. His arrest is the outcome of an investigation conducted here by Doyle and other secret service agents.

It is understood that Doyle found from the testimony of some of the federal employes that Glick had solicited 2 percent of their salaries for political purposes, to be paid quarterly.

Glick is well known in this state as a promoter of electric railways and similar enterprises.

AMBASSADOR TO JAPAN

Position Will Go to Former Secretary Straus If He Desires It

Washington, March 9.—While the information is unofficial, it is understood to be almost definitely settled that former Secretary Straus of the department of commerce and labor will be appointed ambassador to Japan.

While he was secretary of commerce and labor Straus had largely to do with the Japanese immigration question and his attitude on that matter is known to have met the approval of the Japanese government.

Mr. Straus has reached no definite conclusion, but it is not unlikely that a formal announcement of his appointment will be made in the near future.

PRIEST SHOT DOWN BY THREE MEN

No Adequate Theory to Account For Atrocious Murder

Newark, N. J., March 11.—Three men, whose features appear to have been concealed by the collars of their heavy overcoats and their slouch hats, walked into the study of Rev. Erasmus Anslon, pastor of the Polish church of St. Stanilias, and opened fire upon him. Three bullets from their revolvers hit the priest, killing him instantly.

The trio turned to make their escape and found their way blocked by Mrs. Antonio Sewrzytska, the housekeeper. One of the visitors fired his revolver at her, inflicting a wound which is likely to prove fatal. Then all three rushed out into the street and escaped, leaving apparently no clue to their whereabouts or identity.

The police were put at work on the case within a few minutes of the murder and soon had rounded up four suspects. All four denied any knowledge of the affair.

No adequate theory to account for the attack upon the priest has been presented to the police.

Seven Calhoun Jurors

San Francisco, March 12.—Joseph E. Clark, a contractor, was accepted, subject to peremptory challenge, as the seventh juror to try Patrick Calhoun, charged with bribery. The work of getting a jury began nearly sixty days ago.

LITTLE BABY HORRIBLY BURNED

By Boiling Grease—Skin All Came off One Side of Face and Head—Tried an Ointment which Made It All Fester—Wee Sufferer Seemed Disfigured for Life.

CURED WITHOUT A MARK BY CUTICURA

"About a year and eight months ago my baby, aged ten months, was sitting on the mat beside the fender and we were preparing the breakfast when the frying-pan full of boiling grease was upset and it went all over one side of the baby's face and head. One of the family ran and wiped the scald with a towel and you may think what a mess she made, pulling the entire skin off. We took her to a chemist who told us to get a doctor, which we did. He tended her a week and gave me some stuff like lard to put on. But it all festered and I thought the baby was disfigured for life. A woman close beside me told me to try Cuticura Ointment. I used about three boxes and it was wonderful how it healed. In about five weeks it was better and there wasn't a mark to tell where the scald had been. People used to ask me if that was the baby that was scalded and they would hardly believe me when I told them she was and what cured her face. Her skin is just like velvet and I have never been without Cuticura since. Cuticura cured three other children of ringworm besides, so I have good cause to thank it for what it has done. Mrs. Hare, 1, Henry St., South Shields, Durham, England, March 22, 1908."

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World's Favourite Emollient.

A single anointing with Cuticura Ointment, preceded by a hot bath with Cuticura Soap and followed in the severer cases by a dose of Cuticura Pills, is often sufficient to afford immediate relief in the most distressing forms of torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning and scaly humours, eczemas, rashes and irritations, permit rest and sleep and point to a speedy cure in the majority of cases, when all else fails.

Send to nearest depot for free Cuticura Book on Treatment of the Skin. Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; South Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, Natal, etc.; U. S. A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

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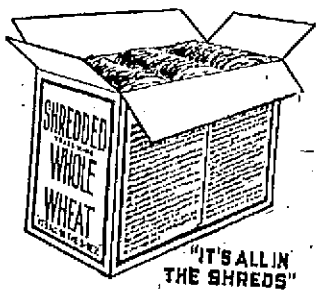

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the favorite breakfast cereal, is always fresh. We carry no stale stocks of anything.

S. S. THOMPSON.

A great many people are satisfied with the White Ash Stove and Nut Coal which we sell for

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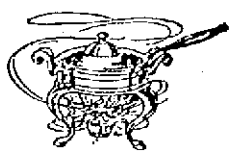
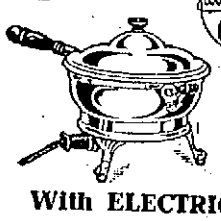
CHAFING DISHES





With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

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If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculist's prescriptions given personal attention.

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H. S. MILLIKIN,

Real Estate Agent.

The Magnet as a Detective.

In America the magnet has come rather extensively into use in the handling of iron and steel castings. Suspended from a locomotive crane, it can also be used for collecting scraps of metal from floors and yards. Large amounts are said to be saved in this way. And as the magnet moves over the ground it may bring to light pieces which have mysteriously disappeared—concealed, it may be, by employees to hide blunders in their work. Some years ago in England the magnet was found useful in a somewhat similar way in the detection of fraud. Manufacturers of bone manure found that they were buying old iron along with the bones. Collectors found that it was profitable to insert bits of old metal in the larger bones and thus increase the weight. So the manufacturers provided themselves with a powerful magnetic apparatus under which all the bones were passed before being weighed. As the bones were slid along a broad groove a large one would suddenly jump up and cling to the wall where the magnet was concealed. On examination it would be found to contain perhaps a rusty old poker in place of marrow.—London Globe.

Carving a Hippopotamus.

To cut up a hippopotamus is no easy task. In some places the hide is almost two and a half inches thick, and before you have got through a hand's breadth your knife has completely lost its edge and requires to be resharpened. The head and the feet are put on one side to be preserved as trophies of the chase, while the remainder of the flesh is cut into long, thin strips, which, after they have been dried by hanging them on the tree branches, will keep good for a very long time. The ivory of the teeth and tusks, which is of very fine quality, used to be employed almost exclusively in the manufacture of false teeth. Nowadays, says the Wide World Magazine, it is turned to all the purposes of ordinary ivory. As for the hide, cut into strips it is made into sticks, which are as good defensive weapons as one could wish to possess. Treated with oil, they become transparent as tortoise shell and look quite pretty. Out of hippopotamus hide bullock drivers likewise make thongs for their whips which are positively everlasting and fetch relatively speaking quite a good price.

A Squid in Hawaii.

In discovering the failings or eccentricities of a person Hawaiians not only show perspicacity, but an aptness in applying a nickname to the one possessing such characteristics. The politician who changes his faith too often is called a squid (octopus). One species of this animal is caught by the aid of a torchlight in shallow water. While a bag net is held some distance in front of it, so that it can conveniently run into it and be caught, it is prodded behind by the fisherman's foot. Sometimes the squid will go directly into the trap, but often it will run forward, with every indication of being enmeshed, to a point within two feet of the net, when it will suddenly turn about and go back to its starting place. Then it is likely to describe a right, left or oblique angle, always contrary to the fisherman's desire. So in Hawaiian metaphor the politician or candidate who switches from the straight track is a squid.—"Paradise of the Pacific."

The Swaffham Tinker and His Dog.

Two quaint figures are carved on the two top pews and reading desk of Swaffham church. According to legend, a tinker had a dream bidding him go to London bridge and a stranger would reveal to him how to find a pot of money. So off he went with his dog, and at the bridge a stranger stopped him, saying, "Last night I had a dream bidding me go to Swaffham and dig in such and such a place and there find a pot of money, but I don't believe in dreams." Then back went the tinker, dug for and found the pot as described and also an inscription bidding him dig deeper, which he did, and found another, and with them restored Swaffham church. The carvings were put up to perpetuate his memory.—London Strand.

The Interview.

As used nowadays by the newspapers the word interview is said to have been the invention of Joseph McCullagh of St. Louis, and, according to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, it became popular in England in the early nineties. But it was known before that. A writer on the subject in the Nation of 1869 was possibly the first to use the word in its present sense of a talk with a representative of the press.—Chicago News.

Vicarious Osculation.

He was having some words with her chaperon.

"I'll—I'll kiss her right under your nose!" he said defiantly.

"Oh, well," said that lady, "vicarious kissing like that I can see no objection to."—Boston Transcript.

Plausible.

Irascible Magistrate—Officer, why did you bring this prisoner up before me? Can't you see he's as deaf as a doornail? Policeman—Oi was told ye'd give him a hearing, sor.—Judge.

A Modest Request.

"My dear friend, I beg you to lend me $50," wrote a needy man to an acquaintance, "and then forget me forever. I am not worthy to be remembered."—Philippines Gossip.

Where life is more terrible than death it is the truest valor to dare to live.—Browne.

Force of Habit.

"I wish, John," said the editor's wife, "that you'd try not to be so absent-minded when we are dining out."

"Eh? What have I done now?"

"Why, when the hostess asked you if you'd have some more pudding you replied that owing to a tremendous pressure on your space you were compelled to decline."—London Tit-Bits.

A Friend in a Fog.

"In one of the worst London fogs," said an Englishman, "an old friend of mine tried to find his way from Trafalgar square to the Savoy, where he had an engagement to dine.

"The sulphurous air made the eyes smart and the head ache, and it brought on terrible fits of coughing. You could not literally see your hand before your face. There was a continual crashing in of windows, bells jangled, vehicles and foot passengers collided, and shrieks and oaths arose.

"Threading his way in the midst of this pandemonium through the Strand, as he supposed, from Landseer's lions to the waiting dinner at the Savoy, my old friend, to his great bewilderment, soon found himself descending a broad stairway. He put his hand to the balustrade. Yes, a broad and stately stairway with a rail of carved stone. Amazing!

"Suddenly in his descent my friend collided with some one ascending the stairway.

"'Hello!' he said.

"'Hello!' a gruff male voice replied.

"'Can you tell me,' said my friend, 'where I am going?'

"'Certainly,' said the other. 'If you keep straight on you will walk into the Thames, for I've just come out of it.'"

Effect of Colors on Animals.

The effect of color upon mind is most easily noticeable in dumb animals, because they make no effort to curb or control their emotions. Wave a red flag at a bull and he becomes violently angry. Shake a red shawl in front of a turkey gobbler and he will storm around fearfully. I made an experiment in the country one summer to see if this same fact held true of other animals. On my farm I had an enormously fat, lazy pig that disliked nothing so much as to move. All day long it used to lie asleep in the sunshine, and sometimes even the attraction of food could not budge it. I took a number of pieces of silk of the same quality, but of different shades, and, after waking the pig, waved each strip of silk in front of it. For the blue and green it never moved, but when I waved the red and orange strips it jumped to its feet, stamped about and appeared to be thoroughly angry. Time and again I repeated this experiment and always with the same result.—Frank Alvah Parsons in Good Housekeeping.

Recognized Their Old Friend.

The late Sir John Steell, who was sculptor to Queen Victoria, was modeling a bust of Miss Nightingale when an officer of one of the highland regiments which had suffered so cruelly in the Crimea heard that the bust had just been completed and was in Sir John's studio. Many of the men in his company had passed through the hospital at Scutari, and he obtained permission from the sculptor to bring some of them to see it. Accordingly a squad of men one day marched into the studio and stood in line. They had no idea why they had been mustered in so strange a place. Without a word of warning the bust was uncovered, and then, as by one impulse, the men broke rank and with cries of "Miss Nightingale, Miss Nightingale!" surrounded the model and, with hats off, cheered the figure of their devoted nurse until the roof rang. So spontaneous and hearty and so inspiring was the whole scene that in after days Sir John Steell declared it to be the greatest compliment of his life.

Hard to Kill.

A distinguished entomologist, J. C. Warburg, writes: "When I was still new to collecting, in the south of France I discovered one day, to my great joy, a large female of Saturnia pyri hidden away in some bushes. The specimen was the first I had ever caught, and I decided, on account of its large body, to stuff it (a quite unnecessary operation; I have kept dozens since unstuffed). The moth was first apparently killed by being forced into a cyanide bottle, where it was left about an hour. The abdomen was then emptied and the cavity filled with cotton wool soaked in a saturated solution of mercuric chloride. The insect, pinned and set, was discovered next day attempting to fly away from the setting board."

Unappreciated.

The lady killer was boasting of his prowess.

"One girl whom I knew," he said, "actually died for love of me. I was her last thought."

They eyed him malevolently.

"I should think," remarked one of them, "that you might be anybody's last thought!"—New York Times.

Professional Pride.

"I should regret very much to hear that anybody has ever offered money for political influence."

"Yes," answered Mr. Graftwell, "your hearing of it would indicate very crude work on somebody's part."—Washington Star.

The Law of Gravity.

"Silence in the court!" thundered the judge, and the laughter died away.

"Mr. Bailiff," continued the instructions from the bench, "eject the next man who defies the law of gravity."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Bitter Pill.

Milly—And how does your brother take married life? Tilly—He takes it according to directions. His mother-in-law lives with him.—Illustrated Bits.

No Insult.

"I ain't insultin' of yer. I tell yer I'm simply callin' of yer a liar, an' yer are one!"—London Punch.

When we hear a girl refer to her dresses and shoes as frocks and boots we know her father is making more money than he used to.—Ohio State Journal.

The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder—a waif, a nothing, a nomad. Have a purpose in life; have a purpose.—Carlyle.

A Story of Father Mathew.

"Father Mathew was the most loving and lovable of human beings," and in the light of this statement found in a biography of the famous title priest by Mrs. Katherine Tynan Hinkson two incidents of his crusade for temperance in the north of Ireland should be read.

At Clones, in Ulster, there were two Orange flags raised when he visited it. Instead of considering it as an insult, he thought it a very great compliment, never having seen one or been honored with one before. When he saw them he called for three cheers for the Orange flag. Commenting on this, an Irish writer says:

"A Catholic priest calling for a cordial salutation of the Orange banner and a Catholic assembly heartily responding was something almost inconceivable. It had never occurred before in Ireland. I'm afraid it has never occurred since."

For the time being there were good will and friendly feeling from one end of Ulster to the other. One recruit who knelt for Father Mathew's blessing said:

"You wouldn't be blessing me if you knew what I am."

"And what are you, my dear?" Father Mathew called men, women and children "my dear."

"I am an Orangeman, your reverence."

"Why, God bless you, my dear, I wouldn't care if you were a lemon man!"

A Lost Fee.

The Right Hon. Augustine Birrell once believed that he had been smitten with a mortal disease and went to consult a distinguished doctor who lived in the neighborhood of Harley street and who was a great expert on the disease of which he thought he was a victim. It was a hot day in July, and as he walked from his London home, which was in the neighborhood of Addison road, to Harley street he perspired freely.

He found the great physician's rooms all crowded with patients—probably, he thought, suffering from a similar complaint to himself.

While waiting he found on the table a book written by the great physician on the subject of the particular disease. He opened the book, and the first words which caught his eye were these: "The patient who is suffering from this disease never perspires."

He had Scotch blood in his veins, so he picked up his hat and gloves and walked out, and he never saw that eminent physician.—London Scraps.

Reynard's Cunning.

While crossing an old field waist high with withered mullein stalks, goldenrod and other weeds I noticed a dog within forty feet. He was partly hidden by the grasses, but appeared to be a young, reddish brown setter, pottering along, smelling at this clump and that bunch of weeds and gradually circling behind me. In a few minutes I heard a yell, "There goes a fox." Sure enough, over the top of a neighboring hill a hundred yards away went my "dog." It was a shrewd piece of work on his part to throw me off my guard by seeming indifferent and when behind me and out of sight to streak it for cover. I had probably disturbed him during his afternoon siesta. Many a fox have I hunted and killed, but this one fooled me completely. It forms a very pleasant recollection as an instance of brute sagacity.—Forest and Stream.

A Regimental Custom.

A peculiar custom obtains in the Twelth lancers—the playing of the Vesper hymn, the Spanish chant and the Russian national hymn every night of the year after the "last post" has sounded. It is said that the playing of the Vesper hymn originated in one of the officers' wives presenting the regiment with a new set of instruments on condition that the hymn was played every night after the "last post." The playing of the Spanish chant is declared to be a penance for sacking of a convent during the peninsular war. No reason is assigned for the playing of the Russian national anthem.—London Tit-Bits.

A Quick Response.

Mrs. Jones (a suffragette)—I don't ask special privileges, Mr. Jones. What I do ask is that you, for example, a man, should treat me exactly as you would another man. Instead of talking small talk and treating me like a thing to be protected, and all that, assume toward me the attitude you do to Mr. Warrington. Treat me like a good fellow, Mr. Jones (quickly)—Why, certainly, old chap. Lend me a diver, will you?—London Graphic.

Use For Uniforms.

"Do you think we ought to have a bigger army and a larger navy?"

"Oh, yes," replied the beautiful girl. "It would be so nice if all the boys at the dances could appear in uniform, with epaulets and braided collars."—Chicago Record-Herald.

All She Paid For.

On her way home from morning service Mrs. Scott complained to the friend who had joined her of the exceeding dullness of the sermon.

"Yes, mamma, but it was very cheap," little Jimmy hastened to say. "You only paid a dime for it."

Perfectly Equipped.

When the large and healthy looking individual who has asked at the door for "a little something to eat" was told that he might have it if he would work awhile at the wood pile he shook his head mournfully.

"I've got the ague," he explained, "and my hand is that unstiddy I couldn't hit more'n one stick in seven."

"All right!" exclaimed the mistress of the house. "Go out in the back yard and shake those ashes for me."

Experts at Colonizing.

The only two countries which draw some benefit from their colonies and understand how to manage them are England and Holland—two countries which have many national characteristics in common.—Amsterdam Handelsblad.

An Obliging Caller.

When M. Clemenceau was in the French chamber of deputies he became for some reason the idol of the workingman, but his popularity, according to the course of nature, brought its penalties. He was besieged by all sorts of people, who came merely to ask questions, and sometimes they were questions of the most trivial sort.

He was originally a doctor and used to give advice for nothing at certain hours of the day. One morning a workingman entered his room, and Clemenceau said without looking up from his writing:

"Take off your coat and shirt. I'll attend to you directly."

Three minutes later he found the man had stripped to the waist.

"There is nothing the matter with you," said the doctor when he had made an examination.

"I know there isn't," returned the man.

"Then what did you come for?"

"To consult you on a political question."

"But what did you strip for?"

"I thought you wanted an illustration of the emaciated body of the man who lives by the sweat of his brow."

The political question remained unanswered. M. Clemenceau was too exasperated to do more than tell the man to dress and go home.

Why Our Railroads Are Narrow Gauge.

Why are all railroads built on the standard gauge of four feet eight and one-half inches? The makers of the first locomotives thought only of putting their machines upon the tramways already in existence, and from that followed a very interesting and curious result. These tram lines naturally had exactly the width prescribed by the strength of one horse. By mere inertia the horse cart gauge established itself in the world, and everywhere the train is dwarfed to a scale that limits alike its comfort, power and speed. Because there is so much capital engaged and because of the dead power of custom it is doubtful if there will ever be any change in this gauge. Still, it might be worse. If the biggest horses had been Shetland ponies our railway carriages now would only be wide enough to hold two persons side by side and would have a maximum speed of twenty miles an hour. There is hardly a reason aside from this antiquated horse why the railway coach should not be nine or ten feet wide—that is, the width of the smallest room in which people can live in comfort and furnished with all the equipment of comfortable chambers.—Atlantic.

Thiers as a Prompter.

Among the anecdotes related by the Marquis Massa in his "Souvenirs et Impressions" is one about the first president of the French republic. It runs: "A short time after young Thiers had been elected as a legislator a number of our set arranged to give a performance of 'Roman chez le portiere' at the house of a mutual friend. On the evening of the performance our prompter deserted us, and without a moment's hesitation the new fledged deputy volunteered to take the place, and despite the protests of some of the party, who feared that his dignity might be everlastingly injured, he jumped into the box, where he remained ready to help us in time of need until the curtain descended on what proved to be a highly satisfactory performance."

Hunting With Lighted Crabs.

A group of clubmen seated about an odorous cedar fire talked of hunting.

"Once I hunted with lighted crabs," said an ex-consul. "It was in the desolate region of France called La Vendee. There is no hunting there but sea gulls (which the French adore to shoot) and rabbits. It was to get the rabbits that we used the crabs. We caught some dozens of small, lively fellows, fastened on their backs lighted candles and shoved them down into rabbit holes. The rabbits, scared to death by those strange moving lights, rushed forth frantically—forth into the very muzzles of our guns. This sounds rather tricky perhaps, but it is a Vendean custom as widespread as coon hunting in the south."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Grant and Sumner.

Concerning the reliability of things in print, it is recalled that Charles Sumner criticised General Grant savagely, and some time after some one was talking to Grant about atheism in New England and remarked, "Even Sumner does not believe in the Bible." "Why should he?" quietly replied Grant. "He didn't write it."

Gathering Ammunition.

"What makes you think our new congressman is going to be so successful as a speechmaker?" said one constituent.

"Because," answered the other, "whenever he hears a story that strikes him as funny he goes into the hall and makes a note of it in his memorandum book."—Washington Star.

One Way of Putting It.

"Although he goes to the club every night, he's always happy when it's time to go home."

"In other words, he doesn't go home till he's happy. Is that it?"—Exchange.

Very High.

"I just got that doctor's bill for that fever of mine."

"How was it?"

"It was a very high fever—higher than I dreamed."—Bellman.

A good reputation is a fair estate.—Shakespeare.

More Effective.

Father (angrily)—If my son marries that adventuress I shall cut him off absolutely, and you can tell him so. Legal Adviser—I know a better plan than that—tell the girl.—Exchange.

A Cheerful Greeting.

Augustus—Hello, old man! How are you and how are your people and all that sort of silly rot?—London Globe.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Opie Read and the Upper Berth.

Opie Reed in his "Arkansaw Traveler Tales" tells this: A fat man had crawled into the berth above him and was heard talking to himself. "I don't mind getting up here," he said, "but I am always afraid for the fellow beneath me. Night before last the upper berth fell with me and broke the hip and shoulder of the man below. But it's not my fault; I do the best I can to get a lower. Poor chap, I guess he's asleep and will never know what hit him."

"Hold on," I cried. "I'll be hanged if I want to lie under a dead fall."

"I beg your pardon. Did you say something?"

"You are right. I said something. I'm not going to run the risk of staying here. You take this berth and let me get up there."

"Oh, don't let me dispossess you. Stay right where you are; it may not fall—sometimes doesn't."

"Sometimes doesn't! Here, let me get up there."

"Well, if you insist I"—

"Insist! I should think I do!"

I climbed the ladder and lassed pretty much all night. It was the porter who broke the news to me the next day of how I had been the victim of that fat man's guile.

A Very Indian Appeal.

The following appeal from India received by the lord mayor is printed in the City Press:

"May it please your lordship that I am very Indian, and I belong to the Brahman caste. Owing to my poverty and unhealthiness I cannot earn money by any profession. Including me, there are eight members in my large, poor and pitiable family—my paternal grandmother, my maternal grandmother, my mother, my aunt, myself, my wife, my first daughter, my second daughter. Moreover, I must perform marriage for my two daughters.

"So if I have at least £2,000 as a capital for my large, poor and pitiable family I can invest this amount in the safest bank and I can maintain my large, poor and pitiable family by the interest on this capital. So I must humbly request your lordship to regard me as your lordship's own son and send me at least £2,000 at your lordship's earliest convenience. I am, in earnest. I am in earnest. I am in earnest."—London Standard.

In a Strange Land.

Two belated disciples of Bacchus staggered arm in arm up Walnut street about 3 o'clock the other morning. The street was dark except for a single ground glass globe that blazed in front of an apartment house. One of the inebriates, spying this lone light, observed:

"Oh, look at the moonsh!"

The other seriously contradicted him, saying:

"That ain't no moonsh; zash sun."

This started an argument, which lasted for several minutes, as to whether the globe was the moon or the sun. Finally they decided to leave it to the first passerby, who happened to be another "happy" gentleman. They stopped him and, pointing to the globe, asked:

"Settle an argument, old pal. Is that the moon or the sun?"

The third party stared knowingly at the globe for several minutes before he shook his head and replied:

"Gentlemen, I really couldn't tell you. I'm a stranger in this town."—Philadelphia Record.

GREGORY'S SEEDS

If you would get the largest yield your ground will give, plant Gregory's seeds. Always sold under three warrants. Here's one of the specials we offer this year:

EARLY MORN PEA

the earliest, largest podded pea known. Quality of the best.

SEED BOOK FREE

Our new Seed Book sent to anyone. Write to-day.

J. J. H. GREGORY & SON, MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

How to Kill and Cook Possum.

Just how a possum ought to be killed and cooked is told in the Atlanta Constitution by an expert known far and wide in Georgia. He says:

"To kill a possum his head should be placed beneath a stick. Stand on the stick and pull the possum's tail until his neck is broken. A possum requires careful treatment, and to cook one to perfection a peculiar arrangement is necessary. A pan on legs should be provided with a hole in one end which can be plugged. Coals placed under the pan will slowly cook the possum, and as the grease runs out of the carcass it should be drawn off from time to time. All the time the carcass should be basted with a sauce made of pepper and vinegar. In the meantime the potatoes should be boiled. When the possum is almost done the potatoes should be packed in the pan around the possum, a little sugar sprinkled over them, and then the gravy which has been drawn off from the pan should be poured on, after which possum and potatoes should be browned to a turn."

A Cure For Insomnia.

Next time your slumber fails to arrive on schedule time cast all thought of sleep from your mind and start in to name to yourself all the friends you have had or now possess. It's much more interesting than counting sheep. Perhaps you have only one friend, but one is enough—he may be the more appreciated. Just think of how you came to know each other, of how the friendship developed and of the happy incidents that have marked your acquaintance. Or, if you have no earthly friends whatever, let your thought dwell upon the great Friend of the friendless and how you came to know him. Somehow the most precious of our earthly friendships seem poor compared to this one that distance and time and even death itself cannot sever. And there is one advantage in this attempt to defeat insomnia—even your wakefulness will be enjoyable and restful.—Interior.

True Oratory.

"True oratory," said a statesman, "is that which brings results, is that which converts an audience of enemies to an audience of supporters. Such oratory is rare. I have a friend whose wife, a 'suffragette,' is a great orator. Her speeches from the platform are wonderful, and her husband the other day gave me an illustration of the efficiency of her private speeches.

"'An agent called on my wife this afternoon,' he said, 'and tried to sell her a new wrinkle eradicator.'

"'And how did the man make out?' said I.

"'He left in half an hour,' was the answer, 'with a gross of bottles of wrinkle eradicator of my wife's own manufacture that he had purchased from her.'"—Portland Oregonian.

Just as a Compliment.

Count Baldissare Castiglione wrote of manners in sixteenth century Italy: "Discourse of love is used by every gentleman, * * * not only when impelled by ardor, but also merely to do honor to the lady with whom he speaks. The pretense of loving her is, at any rate, a testimony to her worthiness to be loved. She, on her part, will for a time seem to fail to understand and mion will take it all as a merry jest."

Compassionate.

Small Margie drew the picture of a dog and cat on her slate, and, calling her mother's attention to it, she said:

"Of course a cat ought to have only four legs, mamma, but I drew this one with six so it could run away from the dog."—Exchange.

Thunder at Home.

Husband—Did you hear the storm when it broke this morning? Wife—That wasn't the storm. It was the new girl washing the breakfast dishes.—Baltimore American.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Dangers of Fresh Air.

The common adjuration on the discovery of a good thing, to "push it along," is needless enough, taking human nature for what it is. It seems to be the fate of all good things that they no sooner appear than they are at once pushed beyond the limits of common sense. An English physician, Dr. John H. Clarke, now comes forward in the London Chronicle and protests against our abuses of fresh air. Says he:

In these days of open-air cures for consumption and nature-cures for nerves, the importance of fresh air is in little danger of being underestimated. Whereas our forefathers were wont to take every possible precaution to shield all who were troubled with coughs from the assaults of fresh air, we now insist on open windows night and day, and, whenever it is possible, we send our consumptives to mountain tops and keep them in sheds without windows of any kind, and leave them exposed, winter and summer, to every breeze that blows.

And, not content with fresh-air cures for consumption, in which the air is breathed, the patients' bodies being protected with abundance of clothing, we have learned that fresh air is good for something more than breathing, and that fresh-air baths are just as good as fresh-air douches for the lungs. Hence the establishments now springing up in various parts, where conditions are favorable, enabling the worn-out victims of modern life to recuperate their forces by a return to natural conditions of a life in the open air, freed from the embarrassments and encumbrance of clothes.

"So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
To take the solace of the open aire."

—as Spenser has it. Fresh air to breathe, fresh air to bathe in, with sunlight added when sunlight can be had—this is the newest panacea for the numberless ills of modern life.

Truly there is more in the air we live in and live on than anybody hitherto has had a conception of. Our scientific authorities have found out a few of them. In the days of our youth we knew very well that with every breath inhaled we took in a certain amount of oxygen, a certain amount of nitrogen, and an uncertain amount of carbonic acid gas—and that was all. Now, with our every breath we take in all these with argon, helium, and goodness knows how many other elements besides—not to mention germs morbific and beneficent without end. It is always safe to conclude in reference to any science that the unknown immeasurably exceeds the known, and we may, therefore, be quite certain that there is a vast deal more in the air we breathe than the scientists have yet revealed, or even hinted to us. For anything we actually know there may be in the air we breathe vitality enough to feed us, if we could only learn how to appropriate it.

But granting all that, I am not at all certain that we are not in danger of overdoing the fresh-air business at the present time. We are not all the victims of the tubercle bacillus, or of nerve-exhaustion. For the majority an average amount of fresh air is sufficient to keep the bodily machinery in going order. But it is the way of the world to run after new things or new fashions, and as the fresh-air cure has been—rightly enough—very much boomed of late years, a large number of persons have come to the conclusion that fresh air is the proper remedy for anything and everything, regardless of circumstances and conditions, and that it is impossible to have too much of it.

One result of this has been the evolution of what I may term the fresh-air maniac. Many of us are acquainted with him. To all outward appearances he is a perfectly sane and harmless paterfamilias. But watch him carefully and you will observe several things. He is always opening windows which everybody else in the house wishes kept closed. He insists on his children being kept out of doors for hours together when they are quite unfit for it, the result being that materfamilias is never without a nursing job on her hands. But this in no wise turns him from his obsession; whenever he can possibly make other people uncomfortable, or ill, by the way in which he administers to them doses of fresh air, he will not fail to do it. The more fresh air people have, he argues, the less sensitive they will be to chills. Salvation by fresh air is the gospel of his mission, and he is fully convinced that he is embarked on a wholesale lifesaving effort.

Not long ago a well-meaning and benevolent fresh-air maniac gave a gratuitous piece of advice to a dear friend who had just recovered from influenza. "Now be sure," he said, in his impressive way, on parting from his friend, "be sure to get plenty of fresh air." The friend, duly impressed, took the advice. It was in the cheerful spring weather of our climate. Too weak to walk, he hired a taximeter cab and went for a drive to Hampstead Heath. A fresh breeze blew and caught him, pneumonia followed, and in a few days he was carried off into an untimely fresh-air grave.

Now I contend that advice given in this way almost amounts to a breach of the liberty of the subject. This is especially the case when the adviser is in a position of patron to the advised, and the advice cannot be refused without giving offence. However well-intentioned the advice, the consequences are none the less deplorable.

There are numbers of innocent methods of shuffling off this mortal coil, and among them each individual has a well-recognized range of choice. If A likes to contract a mortal disease by excluding fresh air from his dwelling, it is not B's business to endeavor to save his life by forcibly or surreptitiously opening his windows. There is an old saying, "You should always let a man go to the devil in his own way." If you try to interfere, or to substitute your way, he will in all likelihood get there much more quickly, and will be much less likely to find his way back again. In the same way, in this free country, I hold to the maxim "Die and let die." If anyone chooses the fresh-air method of departing this life, by all means let him take it; but let him respect the right of other people to choose their own method for themselves.

Fresh air has its victims no less than foul. The tubercle bacillus does not enjoy fresh air, it is true, but there are plenty of other bacilli which rejoice in it. If consumptives thrive out of doors, the subjects of bronchitis are generally only safe when they stay in. Many elderly people who cannot migrate with the swallows to Southern climes live and flourish by staying indoors six months out of the twelve.

The fresh air mania is even more disastrous when medical men are its victims than when it affects amateur advisers only. Many a patient, after having passed through a desperate crisis, has been thrown back into a fatal relapse by too great a hurry on the part of the doctor to give him the "benefit" of fresh air. There is such an appearance of progress about "the first drive" that a medical man is often sorely tempted to sanction, or order, the plunge. In nine cases out of ten no exact directions are given for the length of time to be out, or the distance to be traversed, the fresh air being supposed to possess such vitalizing properties that it is bound to counteract any possible effects of fatigue. This is a grievous error. In the cases of which I am thinking the very fact of putting on outdoor dress is a fatiguing process, and by the time the patient has got into the carriage, or bath-chair, the little reserve of strength is all gone, and the fresh air has an exhausted patient to work on, and consequently can do no good. In many a case the first drive after an illness proves to be the last.

Fresh air obtained at the cost of fatigue can do no manner of good. A certain amount of strength and vigor is needed in order to appropriate its benefits. To send persons out into the fresh air when their forces are already spent is to subject them to serious risks without any possibility of doing them positive good. The indiscriminate order of "plenty of fresh air" by medical men is the source of untold mischief. I have known persons whose daily avocations drained the last ounce of their available energies, exhaust themselves to the point of a breakdown in efforts to get fresh air ordered by their doctors, when they would have done themselves a thousand times more good by going to bed. Fresh air is an admirable thing; but those who would reap its benefits should themselves be fresh.

The Odor of Paint.

Every one knows that an onion has a distinct and unpleasant odor, whether cooked or raw. But every one does not know that this odor of an onion will draw to it every other disagreeable odor and clear the house atmosphere in a day.

The onion can then be thrown away, and with it goes the disagreeable smells that come about in a house that has been closed for the summer.

And this is also a good thing to know: That it will absorb all the odor from fresh paint and turpentine. If the house has been freshly painted and cleaned this month for the winter's occupancy, the people moving into it will be miserable with the smells that come from walls and floors.

After the fresh country these odors will be unendurable.

One onion should be cut into small pieces and placed about the room in two or three saucers. Allow an onion to each room and let the saucers remain there over day and night. If every bit of odor hasn't gone in that time put a few fresh pieces in for the next day.

Trouble Making.

Trouble making is an older industry than the manufacture of steel. Cain the trouble-maker, got into action before Tubal Cain, the iron worker, and live got Adam into hot water long before the boiler makers' union began business.

There are three brands of trouble, imaginary, borrowed and real.

Imaginary trouble consists of railroad accidents, earthquakes, fires, suicides, diseases like the patent medicine man makes, the poorhouse, death, and the grave, carefully mixed and taken after a late dinner, or a drop in the stock market.

Borrowed trouble is the kind we get from our relatives. Its principal ingredients are visits, borrowed money, birthday presents, advice and expectations. But the real article is produced as follows: Put the sandals of endurance on your feet, take your life in your hands and follow by turns the how-to-be-happy philosopher, the preacher of physical culture and the apostle of diet.—Puck.

Ancestral Pride.

"Do you still want this geneaology?" asked the man who digs up such things.

"Sure, I do. Why not?"

"Well, I've found that your great-great-grandfather was hanged for murder, your great-grandfather was imprisoned for robbery, and your grandfather was tarred and feathered for beating his wife. That's not a very proud record, is it?"

"I should say it is. Shows how my family is getting better each generation. I'm an improvement on the whole bunch—never been in jail yet. Let me have those records. I'm proud of 'em!"—Cleveland Leader.

Mistaken.

In spite of the difficulties and dangers that beset them, they had ascended one of the highest points in the Alps.

He was very fat, and as he stood panting and mopping his brow he turned to his wife and said, with a touch of true pathos in his voice:

"See Maria, how small one is in the face of the immensity of nature."

"Small, indeed!" replied his wife. "Why, you're standing in front of me, hiding the whole of Mont Blanc and the best part of the Chamonix valley."—London Tit-Bits.

The Eternal Feminine.

A photographer was called upon not long ago to make some pictures of an old lady of seventy years or so, but of surprising agility and quickness of perception. The picture man was therefore somewhat surprised to find that no words of address could induce the old lady to speak until after the operation was completed. Then she put her fingers into her mouth, whence she withdrew several wads of paper.

"You wouldn't have me photographed with my cheeks falling in, would you?" she asked the photographer. "I just stuffed some paper in my mouth to fill out."—Harper's Weekly.

Feeding Army Elephants.

Elephants in the Indian army are fed twice a day. When meal time arrives, they are drawn to line before a row of piles of food. Each animal's breakfast includes ten pounds of raw rice, done up in five two-pound packages. The rice is wrapped in leaves and then tied with grass. At the command "Attention!" each elephant raises its trunk, and a package is thrown into its capacious mouth. By this method of feeding not a single grain of rice is wasted.—Home Notes.

First Doctor—This is a most mysterious case. I can't make anything out of it.

Second Doctor—Hasn't the patient any money?

Protection of Bird Life.

The winter is rapidly passing, and before we are aware of its departure we shall have reports from those early harbingers of spring—the bluebirds, robins and other bringers of good cheer. Edward H. Forbush, New England agent of the National Association of Audubon societies, makes a plea for the protection of the robin and presents some startling statistics of the peril in which that early and friendly visitor stands. Considerable has been said in deprecation of the slaughter of a million robins in a single season in the South, especially in Louisiana, but that State has risen to its responsibility and passed laws that if enforced will prevent recurrences of such destruction of bird life.

But Mr. Forbush points out that conditions in the North have been as bad as in the South, or perhaps even worse, because the territory is larger. He says the people who come here from eastern and southern Europe are largely bird killers, and they pursue their quarry by shooting, trapping and netting birds to eat and for millinery purposes. All is game that comes in their way—robins, meadow larks, cuckoos, thrushes, swallows, bluebirds and sparrows, and he tells of six "Polackers," with pistols and guns loaded with fine shot, that sat under the wild cherry trees one Saturday afternoon and early Sunday morning, and the next day the the heads of one hundred and five robins were found where the women had plucked and dressed them for the pot.

It is of course impossible to form even an approximate estimate of the number of birds slaughtered in a year by our alien population, but on the basis of the number of foreign-born bird hunters in this country and a conservative estimate of individual averages Mr. Forbush believes that over 18,000,000 birds are annually slaughtered in the northern and eastern States, more than a million of which are robins. The number of immigrants is increasing, but the situation has become so alarming that our New England States and many others are securing legislation likely to check, to a hopeful extent this relentless slaughter. Alien hunters' and resident hunters' license laws are proving effective reenforcement of the laws previously on the statute books for the protection of our song and insectivorous birds.

Kiss Money.

"What will you give me for these?" he asked, holding the grapes over her head. "I'll give you a kiss," she said. He laughed, lifted the child in his arms, received her kiss, and gave her the grapes.

"I wish that everything could be bought that way," I thought, and out of pure idleness followed him.

He went to a flower-shop, and I saw him talking to the girl—she was showing him the plants, and presently he leaned over a rose-bush and kissed her. She blushed, perhaps because I was by, and gave him some flowers—maybe in exchange for the kiss that he gave her. So I stayed in the door, to see what she would do with the kiss.

A weary-eyed woman entered and bought some roses. "My only friends," she murmured, as she drank in their perfume. The girl leaned over and kissed her pale cheek. Tears stood in the woman's eyes.

Then I followed the woman as she hurried along the darkened streets. On a corner stood a young girl who glanced at the passing men. The roses caught her eye. "How beautiful!" she said. The woman drew out the largest rose, kissed it, and gave it to the girl. I waited to see what happened.

The girl trembled as she smelled the rose, then, turning, hastened down an alley. "She kissed it first," she murmured.

She entered a poor room, and a sick woman's face brightened. "I was afraid you were not coming," she said.

"See what I have brought you. A lady gave it to me, and she kissed it first." The sick woman smiled; the girl kissed her. The perfume of the rose filled the room. Was it only the perfume of the rose?—Bolton Hall in March Lippincott's.

His Misleading Name.

Tudor Jencks, the author of many bits of humorous verse and prose, has always had difficulty on first meeting people in getting them to accept his name as his own. They insist on regarding it as a rather odd pseudonym. Recently the matter has grown worse and he has experienced difficulty in establishing its right in articulate speech. The other day Mr. Jencks was an involuntary witness to a fight between two cab drivers. The men were promptly arrested and Mr. Jencks was haled to court with them to tell what he had seen.

"What is your name?" asked the lawyer.

"Tudor Jencks."

"Once more, please."

"Tudor Jenks."

A sharp rap from the court, and this, explosively: "Witness will stop making a funny noise and give his name!"—London Opinion.

All Equipped.

"No, my daughter, I will not consent to your engagement to a book peddler who doesn't know what he is going to do for a success in life."

"Oh, father, you are mistaken. His career is all mapped out."

"How do you know that?"

"Why, doesn't he sell school atlases?"—Baltimore American.

The Last Straw.

Manager—Do you know what the papers are saying about you?

Actress (disdainfully)—What are they saying?

Manager—Nothing.

Actress (strongly agitated)—Heaven! What impudence!—New York Press.

Musically Expressed.

Westend—What did your wife say when you got home from the stag the other night?

Broadway—Nothing at all. She just sat down at the piano and played "Tell Me the Old, Old Story."—Puck.

"I forgot something," said the husband.

"Yes," pouted the wife, "you forgot to kiss me."

"That may be, but what I came back for was my overshoes."—Kansas City Journal.

Willie Oceanbreeze—What did her father say to the match?

Tessie Summergirl—Oh, he made light of it.—Smart Set.

A Warm Encounter.

When closing time came in the City Hall in Concord, N. H., recently, Mayor Charles H. French coughed impressively, indicating a proper degree of satisfaction with the dignified progress of his administration, closed his rolltop desk with a bang, permitted the messenger to adjust his overcoat and present his hat, and then trod forth to meet his fellow townsmen.

Instead of going out the front door of the City Hall, however, Mayor French took a short cut that led through a dark hallway past the back entrance of a theatre.

While the Mayor in the City Hall had been throwing off the shackles of official care, a wrestling bear in the theatre had been busy throwing off shackles of a more material nature, and as the Mayor put on his overcoat the bear shed its leather collar. So it came about that as the Mayor entered the dark hallway at one end the bear entered it at another. The Mayor has a great respect for bears, but this bear had no respect at all for Mayors.

In the darkness the mayor felt a powerful detaing force laid upon his arm.

"Sir," he said, in chilly tones, "if you have business with me, you may call at my office in the morning."

"Ur-g-r-r," was the unpleasantly harsh response.

"My man—" began the Mayor, but he stopped right there, for a furry arm was thrown about his neck, and a rough tongue made a demonstration, which, if it was intended for a kindly salute, failed utterly of its purpose with the Mayor. He stopped being dignified.

"Le' go!" commanded the Mayor, but his companion showed no disposition to yield to harsh commands. The Mayor had other resources. He struck out so savagely with his free left hand, and with such painful precision, that the bear, smitten on the nose, loosed its hold and fell back a step.

Content with this temporary victory, the Mayor sped agilely back over the route he had just traversed, shouting "Bear! Bear!" at every jump. In corroboration of his alarm, the bear galloped along behind, bound not to be deserted by his new friend. The Mayor was the first to reach an open door, through which he sped just in time to be able to close it in the face of his pursuer.

The bear was led back into captivity by the theatre employes.

A Rattled Bridegroom.

Some few years ago a man of mature age found himself playing first fiddle to marriage bells. Then they tied themselves away, as others have done, to Niagara Falls. He chuckled to himself as he took a pen to enter on a hotel register for the first time "John Doe and wife."

He thought he wrote with the easy air of one who has so written it there many years and turned carelessly away.

On leaving the proprietor inquired, "I hope you have enjoyed your honeymoon with us."

"Sir?" But he merely turned the register back and pointed to this entry, "John Doe and bride."

He had been as "rattled" as any boy.—Philadelphia Ledger.

In Little Italy.

A school teacher in the Italian quarter of an American city told her children the story of the fox and the grapes. Tony was especially delighted with the story, and eagerly sought his chum, Joe, who was in another class. By good luck, the teacher overheard Tony's version.

In his excited, broken English he told the fable much as it is written, until he came to the end. This was his rendering of the climax:

"De olda fox he say, 'De grape no good, anyhow; alla sour! I guess I go geta de banan.'"—Youth's Companion.

A Case of Auto Suggestion.

A baker on the upper west side who purchased an auto delivery wagon was surprised to receive the following message from one of his most particular customers: "Please send no more orders to me by your new wagon. The smell of gasoline in the rolls made almost the entire family sick."

The baker sent word to the customer that, as the auto was driven by electricity and no gasoline was used at all, she must have been mistaken and added, "Perhaps the cook had just cleaned her gloves that day."—New York Press.

His Denomination.

A man who had been playing golf with a clergyman heard him swear two or three times under his breath. Suspecting the lapse, he could not be sure of it until one monosyllable came out with unmistakable clearness. After he had finished the match a friend of his said: "I saw you playing just now with the Rev. Mr. Dash. Of what denomination is he?" "Some people say he is a Congregationalist," replied his late opponent, "but I should call him a Profanitarian."—Argonaut.

An Air Loving World Wanted.

Once get a nation into inviting fresh air instead of barring it out, and not only is that nation going to repel consumption, but it is going to better itself physically in such a measure as to be practically immune from other diseases. An air loving world is what the scientists are aiming at.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Difficult Position.

A young captain who was drilling the awkward squad commanded thus: "Now, my men, listen to me. When I say 'Halt!' put the foot that's on the ground beside the one that's in the air and remain motionless."—Success Magazine.

Manager—You say this is a play of the slums. Is it a clean play?

Author—It couldn't be cleaner. The hero is a White Wings and the heroine is a washerwoman.—Baltimore American.

"Her hats beggar description."

"And that's not all they beggar if her husband tells the truth."—Houston Post.

"The men," you will always hear some women say, in every crowd, "are all alike." And this is not intended as a compliment, either.

A remarkable man is the one who does something remarkable without wasting a lot of time telling about it.

His Understanding Of It.

"Uncle" Knew What a Mortgage Was, All Right.

The following characteristic bit of testimony was given on cross examination recently in the chancery court of Lauderdale county, Ala., by an old negro man who had been called to testify as to the mental capacity of an aged negro woman to make a mortgage and dismiss a suit in chancery:

Q. What do you understand by a mortgage, uncle?

A. What I understand by a mortgage? Well, if I gives a mortgage on my place den I cancelates all my rights an' whenever de times comes for de debt to be paid you would sell my place an' gi'de money.

Q. What do you understand a chancery court is for?

A. Chancery means de las' chance I has. I put it in chancery, an' den if de co't decides agin me, 'what is I? I's done!

Q. What do you understand by the dismissal of a bill in chancery court?

A. I think dat gives me a chance to complain some mo'.

Q. Do you think that is about the way the complainant understood the dismissal of a bill in a chancery court?

A. Well, of co's, she wouldn't understand chance'ry co't as well as I do.

Q. Tell us the difference between a deed and a mortgage.

A. A mortgage des gives up everything you has, an' a deed gives a passon possession of de property. De difference is, if I gives you a deed dar's a chance for me, but if I gives you a mortgage I ain't got no mo' show den a lame rabbit.—New York Press.

To Make Paris Streets Clean.

[Paris Correspondence of London Daily Express]

M. Lepine is at his wits' end now to secure a reasonable amount of cleanliness for the streets of Paris. The Paris streets have recently become so littered with all sorts of rubbish that the public has protested against the nuisance. The police, in reply, have called attention to the fact that the public is itself largely to blame. Paris tradesmen advertise in newspapers much less than London tradesmen, and prefer advertisement by leaflet. In consequence, millions of leaflet advertisements are distributed in the streets of Paris every day, and most of them are glanced at and thrown down. M. Lepine, some time ago, had a number of receptacles put up at a convenient height on the Paris lamp posts to obviate the nuisance, but the receptacles remain empty, and papers of all colors strew the pavements more than ever. He now proposes to take the serious measure of arresting and fining (about 12s. as a maximum) anybody seen throwing down a piece of paper, and has asked Parliament to vote him authority. If the vote be passed it will be a curious sight to see Parisians crowding around the boulevard lamp posts to get rid of the handfuls of advertisements they have collected every few yards on their way.

Suspicious.

The person who, on examining a homemade henhouse, remarked that "it looked as if some fellow had built it himself" has a kindred spirit in a delightfully simple old lady, noted for her naive comments. In a street car not long ago she noticed a man carrying a shotgun and a blanket roll.

"Look at him," she whispered to her companion. "He looks as if he were going to spend the night somewhere."—Youth's Companion.

"I wanted lump sugar," exclaimed the angry customer as he looked over the packages. "What does that grocer mean by sending me soft A sugar?"

"Well," laughed the grocer's boy, as he moved nearer the door, "he said if you didn't like it you could lump it."—Columbus Dispatch.

"See here," feebly complained the victim after the accident, "I thought you said it was perfectly safe to go up in that old elevator?"

"Well," replied the elevator man, so it was safe to go up. You see, the dangerous part of it was comin' down."—Philadelphia Press.

"Morning, morning!" said paterfamilias genially as he entered the breakfast room. "I've had a splendid night. Slept like a top!" His wife agreed with him. "You did," she responded grimly—"like a humming top!"—Philippines Gossip.

Little Willie—What are "debts," pa?

Pa—"Debts," my son, are the silent partners of experience.—Chicago News.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

More than 5000 tons of hides and skins are exported annually from Siberia.

Every day in this city thousands of persons eat too much at dinner, and, as a consequence, suffer from Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, &c. If these will take just one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after eating, they will be surprised by the entire absence of those unpleasant feelings which daily distress them, and may continue in their improper course of eating big dinners without fear. Only one little pill, remember.

India is buying American windmills generously.

To get relief from Indigestion, Biliousness, constipation or torpid liver without disturbing the stomach or purging the bowels, take a few doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills, they will please you.

Soup made of fried wasp is a Chinese delicacy.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for sick headache, and every woman should know this. Only one pill a dose. Try them.

Japan gets 188,000 recruits yearly for her regular army.

Palpitation of the heart, nervousness, trembling, nervous headache, cold hands and feet, pain in the back, and other forms of weakness are relieved by Carter's Iron Pills, made specially for the blood, nerves and complexion.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. This Kind You Have Always Bought

The Priceless Thought.

A penny for my thoughts? I'll tell you this;
To me that thought is worth the whole of bliss.
Ten thousand kings, set on ten thousand thrones,
Have not a millionth part in precious stones,
In silver, gold, and other treasures rare;
Of what is mine in that one thought so fair
That you would buy for copper. E'en the mint
Itself compared to it hath nothing in't.
The chests of Croesus, Monte Cristo, and
The sided wealth of all our lavish land
I would not take for that one precious thought.
Yet since you ask, I'll give it you for naught.
'Tis this, sweetheart, come hither and incline
Your ear that I may whisper—
"Thou art mine!"
—John Kendrick Bangs, in Ainslee's Magazine.

Now.

I want no pledge of joys to be—
No false, uncertain vow;
That friend, alone, is kind to me
Who proves his friendship now.

Life's changing year is brief, so brief,
And I shall slumber long,
When autumn binds the yellow sheaf,
And winter ends the song.

Then, sweetheart, come to-day and bring
Love's flower in perfect bloom;
I shall not care what weeds you fling
To morrow on my tomb.
—Andrew Downing.

The Garden-Plot.

Within the garden of my heart I found
But yesterday a plot of empty ground;
Then saw I you, O golden-eyes, and lo,
Now in that erewhile barren space doth blow
Love's perfect flower—to me divinely sweet!
I pluck the bloom, and lay it at your feet.
—Clinton Scollard, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

Pearls of Thought.

Where the wage determines the work, the work is never worth it.

Searing hatred is a good deal like carrying vitriol in a mighty thin flask.

Nothing indicates the wise man better than the smart things he doesn't say.

Men will be honest with one another when they are honest with themselves.

Failure is due not so much to missing opportunities as to failure to make them.

Your message will go just as deep into the hearts of men as it has roots in your own.

We are all apt to substitute candor with the faults of others for honesty with our own.

It is possible to be orthodox on the miracles and still be ignorant of the Master's healing touch.

The road through a difficulty may be rougher, but it is always safer than the road around it.

If you will walk in the fields of sin you will find a long task before you picking off the burs and cockles.—From "Sentence Sermons," in the Chicago Tribune.

He Accepted the Donkey.

When Barry Sullivan, the Irish tragedian, was playing Richard III, one night and the actor came to the lines, "A horse, a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" some merry wag in the pit called out:

"And wouldn't a jackass do as well for you?"

"Sure," answered Sullivan, turning like a flash at the sound of the voice. "Come around to the stage door at once!"

And So He Left Them.

With a heart full of good intentions and a bag full of uplift tracts he approached the cottage in the bucolic wilds.

"Madam, may I leave some tracts with you?"

"You may, kind Sir; but leave the heel marks of them pointing directly toward these steps."

A Dog for Montclair.

The reputation of Montclair, the Nonelesstown of 'Skeeterland, had traveled far. The wary stranger made inquiry:

"What is the dog tax in this town?"

"Ten dollars; and often the costs, too. What is your dog—bloodhound, mastiff, collie, terrier, bull, pug?"

"Now! Stuffed!"

She Knew.

Little Girl—If I were a teacher I'd make everybody behave.

Auntie—How would you accomplish that?

Little Girl—Very easy. When girls were bad I'd tell them they didn't look pretty, and when little boys were bad I'd make them sit with the girls, and when big boys were bad I would not let them sit with the girls.

Legal Repartee.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the pompous lawyer, assuming his most imposing mien, "I once sat upon the judge's bench in Iowa."

"Where was the judge?" quickly inquired the opposing attorney, and the pompous gentleman found the thread of his argument hopelessly entangled.—Detroit Free Press.

"When you get to Washington, son, don't you be afraid to work for the public service."

"No, dad. It's the secret service I'm afraid of."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Irene—A girl shouldn't marry a man till she knows all about him.

Evelyn—Good gracious! If she knew all about him she wouldn't marry him.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Teacher—Johnny, if your mother had 12 apples and used six of them in making a pie what would she have left?

Little Johnny—Please, ma'am, the skins and the cores.—Judge.

There are two Esperanto clubs in Moscow, and over a thousand persons are busy studying the language. A book store will shortly be opened, in which only books printed in Esperanto will be sold.

"Let's go forward to the main deck."

"All right. Steward, call us a taxicab."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Prospective suitor—Sir, I love your daughter.

Her Father—Well, don't come to me with your troubles.

A man stops hoping to be rewarded as he grows older, and prays that he will not be punished.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1909.

NOTES.

REMINGTON—(1) John(1) Remington, d 1688, of Newport and North Kingstown; md 1679, Abigail Richmond, of Edward and Abigail (Davis) Richmond. Children:

(2) 1 Abigail (2) Remington, b 1681, d Mar 6, 1763, md William (3) Gardiner (Benoni (2) and Mary, George (1) and Herodias). Issue.

(3) 2 Martha (2) Remington, md Eber (7) Shearman (Eber (6) and Mary, Philip (5) and Sarah, Samuel (4) and Phillis, Henry (3) and Susan, Henry (2) and Agnes, Thomas (1)). Issue.

(4) 3 Elizabeth (2) Remington, md John Kenyon Jr., 1704.

(5) 4 Hannah (2) Remington, md Thomas Mumford. Issue.

(2) Abigail (2) Remington, md William (3) Gardiner. Children:

(6) 1 John (4) Gardiner, b July 8, 1696, md Mary Hill, who died 1739. He md 2d Mary Taylor, who d Ap 21, 1774. He died July 7, 1770, So. Kingstown, R. I. Issue.

(7) 2 William (4) Gardiner, b May 21, 1698, md Elizabeth Gibbs. Issue.

(8) 3 Thomas (4) Gardiner, died without issue.

(9) 4 Silvester (4) Gardiner, b 1717, d Aug 8, 1786; md (1) Anne, dau of Dr. Gibbons of Boston; issue; md (2) —— Eppes of Salem; md (3) Catharine Goldthwait.

(10) 5 Abigail (4) Gardiner, md Nov 19, 1719, (1) Caleb (4) Hazard, b Nov 14, 1697, d Jan 15, 1726 (George (3), Robert (2), Thomas (1)); md (2) Mar 2, 1727, Deputy Governor William (2) Robinson, b 1693, d 1751 (Rowland (1)). She died 1773. Issue.

(11) 6 Hannah (4) Gardiner, md Rev James Mac Sparran. No issue.

(12) 7 Lydia (4) Gardiner, md Josiah Arnold, grandson of Gov. Benedict. She died Jan 22, 1728, aged 21. Issue.

(3) Martha (2) Remington married Eber (7) Shearman. Children:

(13) 1 Martha (8) Shearman, b July 25, 1707.

(14) 2 Eber (8) Shearman, b May 15, 1709.

(15) 3 John (8) Shearman, b Oct 30, 1711.

(16) 4 Abigail (8) Shearman, b Mar 22, 1714.

(17) 5 William (8) Shearman, b Dec 20, 1716.

(18) 6 Henry (8) Shearman, b Jan 14, 1724, md 1747, Ann, dau of Dr. Charles Higinbotham and his wife, Mary Niles, of So. Kingstown, R. I. He md (2) Ap 16, 1778, Mary Shearman, widow of Silvester. Issue.

(4) Elizabeth Remington md John Kenyon Jr. Ch.

(19) 1 John Kenyon, b Nov 21, 1706.

(20) 2 Thomas Kenyon, b Dec 28, 1708.

(21) 3 Sylvester Kenyon, b Ap 7, 1710.

(22) 4 George Kenyon, b Sept 23, 1712.

(23) 5 Sarah Kenyon, b Sept 21, 1715.

(5) Hannah Remington married Thomas (3) Mumford, Jr., June 3, 1705. He was born Ap 1, 1687, son of Thomas (2) (Thomas (1)) of Portsmouth, R. I. Thomas (2) was born 1656, married Abigail ——, and had six sons, who averaged six feet in height and were known as "The thirty-six feet of Mumford." They were

1 Thomas (3).

2 George (3), b July 15, 1689, d 1745, md Mary, dau of Rowland (1) and Mary (Allen) Robinson. (See "Mumford Memoirs.")

3 Joseph (3), b Sept 17, 1691, md Hannah, dau of Stephen (3) and Elizabeth (Helme) Hazard (Robert (2), Thomas (1) Hazard). In 1743 he built a pier in Narragansett, which gave the name to Narragansett Pier.

4 William (3), b Feb. 18, 1693—lived in Newport—md Mar 1, 1720, Hannah Latham of Groton. She died in 1728, and he md (2) Ann (Wilson) Ray, a young widow. Paul (4) Mumford, son of William, was Associate Justice of Rhode Island, 1776 to 1781, Chief Justice 1781-1788. Augustus (4) was killed in the Revolutionary War. Mac Sparran's Diary says Wm. married Elizabeth Honeyman of James.

5 Benjamin (3), b Ap 10, 1696, md Ann ——. Lived in North Kingstown, and was of Dr. Mac Sparran's flock, as he was parish treasurer, and Dr. Mac Sparran baptized several of his children. He was father of Benjamin, Revolutionary post-rider.

6 Richard (3), b Sept 6, 1698, md Sarah ——, 1727. Was captain of a company in the Louisburg Expedition of 1745, and there died.

Children of Thomas (3) and Hannah (Remington) Mumford were:

(24) 1 Thomas (4) Mumford, b Sept 14, 1707, d 1750, md Dec 7, 1727, Abigail Cheeseborough. Issue.

(25) 2 Abigail (4) Mumford, b Sept 8, 1710, d 1731, md Samuel (2) Seabury, 1727. (John (1)). Issue. He md (2) Elizabeth Powell of Adam.

(26) 3 John (4) Mumford, b May 29, 1714, d 1738, md Elizabeth Perkins. Lost at sea 1788.

4 Caleb (4) Mumford, b Dec 10, 1716.

(6) John (4) Gardiner and wife Mary (Hill) had:

(27) 1 Austis (5) Gardiner, md Rowland (3) Robinson, 1741. (Gov. William (2) and 1st wife Martha Potter, Rowland (1)) Issue.

(28) 2 Thomas (5) Gardiner, died without issue.

(29) 3 Amos (5) Gardiner, md Sarah Bill, dau of Capt. Joshua. Issue not mentioned.

John (4) Gardiner and 2d wife Mary (Taylor) had:

(30) 4 William (5) Gardiner, md Eunice Belden, of Hartford. Had son James, who died without issue.

(31) 5 John (5) Gardiner, md Sarah Gardiner dau of Samuel. Issue.

(32) 6 Benjamin (5) Gardiner, md Elizabeth Wicker, dau of Thomas, of Warwick.

(33) 7 Abigail (5) Gardiner, b 1740, d 1826; md Jan 25, 1759 Lodowick Updike (4) (Daniel (3), Lodowick (2), Gilbert (1)) b July 12, 1725, d June 6, 1804. Issue.

(34) 8 Mary (5) Gardiner, died single.

(35) 9 Sarah (5) Gardiner, died single.

(36) 10 Lydia (5) Gardiner, md (1) Robert Champlin. Issue, Md (2) John Faxon. Issue.

(7) William (4) Gardiner md Elizabeth Gibbs and had:

(37) 1 Abigail (5) Gardiner married Matthew Stewart of New London, Conn. Issue.

(38) 2 Elizabeth (5) Gardiner, md Nicholas Lechmere, of Newport, British Comptroller of Customs. Had son Nicholas, who was appointed a commissary in the British Army.

(9) Silvester (4) Gardiner and first wife Anne had:

(39) 1 John (5) Gardiner. Issue, Rev. J. S. J. Gardiner.

(40) 2 William (5) Gardiner. Died without issue.

(41) 3 Anne (5) Gardiner, md John Brown, brother of the Earl of Altemont, afterward Marquis of Sligo. Issue, 1 John, md dau of Lord Howe, 2 James, 3 Ann, 4 Louisa.

(42) 4 Hannah (5) Gardiner, md Robert Hallowell and had one son, Robert Hallowell, who took the name of Robert Hallowell Gardiner, and married Emma Tudor.

(43) 5 Rebecca (5) Gardiner, md Philip Dumaresque. Issue, Philip, James, Francis and Rebecca.

(44) 6 Abigail (5) Gardiner, md Oliver Whipple of Cumberland, R. I., afterward a lawyer in Portsmouth, N. H. Died in Hallowell, Maine.

(10) Abigail (4) Gardiner md Caleb (4) Hazard, and had:

(45) 1 William (5) Hazard, b Ap 12, 1721, md Phebe, dau of John and Damaris Hull, of Jamestown. Issue.

(46) 2 Robert (5) Hazard, b May 1, 1723, md Elizabeth, dau of Deputy Gov. Robert (4) Hazard (Stephen (3) Robert (2), Thomas (1)). Issue.

(47) 3 Caleb (5) Hazard, b Jan 1724. Died young.

(48) 4 Caleb (5) Hazard, b Sept 22, 1726, md Mary ——, d Mar 4, 1784.

Abigail md (2) Gov. Wm. (2) Robinson and had:

(49) 5 Christopher (3) Robinson, b 1728, md Ruhamah Champlin, 1752, d 1807; issue.

(50) 6 William (3) Robinson, b 1729, m 1752, Hannah Brown; died 1785. Issue, Philip and Hannah.

(51) 7 Thomas (3) Robinson, b 1730, d 1817, md 1752, Sarah Richardson. Issue.

(52) 8 Abigail (4) Robinson, b 1732, d 1754, md 1751, John Wanton. Had one child, who died young.

(53) 9 Sylvester (4) Robinson, b 1734, d 1809, md Alice Perry, 1756. Issue, James, Mary and Abigail.

(54) 10 Mary (4) Robinson, b 1736, d 1776, md 1756, John Dockra. Issue.

(55) 11 James (4) Robinson, b 1738, md Nancy Rodman, Sept 4, 1762. Issue, Abigail, Ruth, Mary, Ann, James.

(To be continued.)

QUERIES.

6473. HOLMES. GATES—George Holmes, born at Nazing, England, (a village of Waltham, Essex Co., 16 miles north of London), died in Roxbury, Mass., Dec. 18, 1645, and was buried in the Eliot Burying ground, near his friend, John Eliot. He married in England, Deborah ——. Eliot's diary records "Moneth 11, day 8th., 1662, Widow Holmes was buryed." George Holmes came to America in 1637, and was freeman in 1639. His son

John Holmes, born 1643 (?), died May 17, 1676, in Roxbury, Mass. Lived for a while in Dorchester. We have no record of his marriage. Administration of his estate granted to "Sara his Relict and Nathan Homes his Brother." Suffolk Co. Probate records say he died May 17, 1676. The Dorchester Church records state that "John and Sarah ye children of John Homes baptized ye 5 of ye 9th Mo 67 on a thanksgiving day ther mother being admitted ye Soboth before." His son

John Holmes, born Dorchester, baptized there Nov 5, 1667, died at Colchester, Conn., after 1730. He went to Dedham about 1682, and lived for a while in Roxbury. In Jan 1689, he was granted a piece of land in Stow, where he married about 1690, Elizabeth Gates, who was born at Marlborough, Mass., 1671, died at Colchester, Conn., Dec 14, 1726, daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth (Freeman) Gates, of Stow. He married (2) in Franklin, Conn., Dec 3, 1728, Ann Rockwell. Mar 25, 1697, he sold his grant of land, as appears in deed, recorded May 14, 1748. John Holmes of Stow, Carpenter, and Elizabeth his wife, to John Stevens, "the house lott originally granted to said Holmes by the town of Stow, Jan 13, 1689 on both sides of Heather Medow Brook." He removed to Colchester, Conn., where he was voted an inhabitant, Dec 22, 1718. His daughter

Ann Holmes, born June 1, 1704, died at Colchester, May 18, 1739, married in Colchester, Ap 3, 1734, Rev. Joseph Lovett, who died Jan 10, 1751.

GATES—Stephen Gates (Thomas, Peter, Geoffrey, Sir Geoffrey, William, Sir Geoffrey, William, Thomas) came from Hingham, England to Hingham, Mass., 1638, accompanied by wife, Ann (Hill). His father, Thomas, was of Norwich, Norfolk Co., Eng. Ann Gates married in 1663 for her second husband, Richard Woodward, of Watertown, Mass. She died at Stow, Mass., Feb. 5, 1682-3. Their son

Thomas Gates, born 1642, married July 6, 1670, Elizabeth Freeman, daughter of John, of Sudbury, Mass. He resided in Stow, Marlborough and Sudbury, and in 1703, went to Norwich, Conn., to that part of the town which afterward became Preston. Can any one tell me who was John Freeman? Was he connected with Edmund? His daughter

Elizabeth Gates, born at Marlborough, Mass., Oct. 12, 1671, married at Stow, John Holmes.—M. P. C.

A suffragette lecturer brought down the house with the following argument: "I have no vote, but my groom has, I have a great respect for that man in the stable, but I am sure that if I were to go to him and say, 'John, will you exercise the franchise?' he would reply, 'Please, mum, which horse be that?'"—Pick-Me-Up.

"Do you know anything about flirting?"

"No," he replied sadly. "I thought I did, but when I tried it the girl married me."—Boston Globe.

Hostesses prefer labeled guests, and guests prefer to meet people who are supposed to go off like a bomb if you touch them on the right spot.

NOW OUT WITH THEM

Every chick and child of them. The songs of the birds, the sun's warm rays, the bracing air, all belong to them; but not on the cold, cold ground—yet, an easy cradle-like carriage with hood to keep the too strong wind away, or parasol to keep the sun from baby's eyes—then the baby breathes and grows.

Our Carriages!

Well, it would just make a mother's heart glad to glance at them—so full of comfort, and such beauties, and so many of them. Just about 30 different patterns on our floor this morning.

Swell English Perambulators at	$16.00
Geared Adjustable Go-Carts with hood,	10.50
Pullman Sleepers with leather hood,	16.50
Folding Carts with hood and storm boot,	7.00
Folding Carts with Cushioned-tired Wheels at	2.25

NOTHING BETTER MADE AND NONE SO LOW PRICED.

A. C. TITUS CO.,

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. They cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

169 THAMES STREET.

Often you wish to telephone to a friend and find that he has no telephone. Write his name and address here. We will tell him of it.

Name..........

Address..........

Mail to

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,

NEWPORT, R. I. 142 SPRING STREET

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

March 10, 1909.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham Administrator on the estate of ALMIRA DODGE, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

ANDREW J. DODGE, Administrator.

3-13-3w

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

March 10, 1909.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham Administrator on the estate of SAMUEL D. MOTT, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

ALTON H. MOTT, Administrator.

3-13-3w

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

March 10, 1909.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham Administrator on the estate of ANNIE S. DODGE, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

FRANK E. DODGE, Administrator.

3-13-3w

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

March 10, 1909.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last will and testament of SYLVESTER H. MOTT, late of the Town of New Shoreham, deceased, which will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, hereby gives notice that he has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

JOHN R. PAYNE, Executor.

3-13-3w

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

March 10, 1909.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last will and testament of FRANCES E. DODGE, late of the Town of New Shoreham, deceased, which will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, hereby gives notice that he has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

JOHN R. PAYNE, Executor.

3-13-3w

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

March 1st, 1909.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the town of New Shoreham, Administrator of the estate of ANDREW J. DODGE, JR., late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

WINFIELD S. DODGE, Administrator.

3-13-3w

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

March 10, 1909.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the town of New Shoreham, Administrator of the estate of JOHN P. STEADMAN, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

J. PRESCOTT STEADMAN, Administrator.

3-13-3w

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., March 1, 1909.

Estate of Welcome Dodge.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Welcome Dodge, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the 5th day of March, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

3-13-3w

PHILIPPINE BAND

INFANTRY HALL, Providence.

MARCH 19th,

Afternoon at 2—Evening at 8

LARGEST BAND in the WORLD

86 PERFORMERS

Afternoon 50c Evening $1, 75c., 50c.

All reserved. Tickets at Anthony's Cigar Stand, Journal Office. 3-13-1w

TAX DEPARTMENT

CITY OF NEWPORT

Assessors' Notice

The Assessors of Taxes of the City of Newport hereby give notice that they will assess and apportion on the inhabitants of said city, and the ratable property therein, the tax ordered and levied by the Representative Council of said city by vote of the 12th day of March, A. D. 1909, on Monday, April 5th, A. D. 1909, at 12 o'clock noon, and they will meet and be in session in their rooms in the City Hall (on the second floor), in said Newport, every day, except Sundays, from and including

TUESDAY, April 6th, 1909

To and including

FRIDAY, April 16th, 1909,

From 9 o'clock A. M. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 o'clock to 5 o'clock P. M.,

for the purpose of receiving a true and exact account of all the ratable estates of every person and body corporate, liable to taxation in said City.

EVERY PERSON AND BODY CORPORATE, LIABLE TO TAXATION IN THE PREMISES, IS HEREBY NOTIFIED AND REQUIRED TO BRING IN TO SAID ASSESSORS, WITHIN THE TIME OR TIMES, AND AT THE PLACE OF MEETING AND SESSION OF SAID ASSESSORS, AS ABOVE DESIGNATED A TRUE AND EXACT ACCOUNT OF ALL HIS RATABLE ESTATE, DESCRIBING AND SPECIFYING THE VALUE OF EVERY PARCEL OF HIS REAL AND PERSONAL ESTATE.

THE GENERAL LAWS OF RHODE ISLAND PROVIDE THAT:

"Every person bringing in any such account shall make oath before some one of the Assessors that the account exhibited by him contains, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true and full account and valuation of all his ratable estate: AND WHOEVER NEGLECTS OR REFUSES TO BRING IN SUCH ACCOUNT, IF OVERTAXED, SHALL HAVE NO REMEDY THEREFOR."

Executors, Administrators, Guardians and Trustees are hereby notified that all the foregoing applies to them and to Trust Estates as well as to other persons and property.

EDWARD L. SPENCER, Chairman.
JOHN M. FRIEND,
ROBERT S. GASH,
Assessors of Taxes.

3-13-5w

WHERE TO GO

THIS SUMMER.

Not a bit too early for you to begin casting about for a place to go this summer. Summer's not so very far away.

You'll get the pick of the cottages—the most desirable rooms at the hotel or boarding cottage—if you look about now.

Cape Cod's to be the vogue this summer. You really ought to know about it.

Then there's Buzzard's Bay; there's Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket; there's Narragansett; there's Newport; there's Watch Hill, and there's the beautiful shore line of Connecticut.

No other summering places can offer you greater or more varied attractions.

For information as to routes, train service, etc., write A. B. SMITH, General Passenger Agent, New Haven, Conn.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company.

3-6

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Public Hearing.

House of Representatives, Providence, March 11, 1909.

The Committee on Special Legislation of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in the bill entitled JOINT RESOLUTION proposing an Amendment to the Constitution of the State, Initiative and referendum,

In Committee Room 312, State House, Providence, on

FRIDAY, March 19, 1909,

upon the rising of the House.

HENRY F. WOODMANSEE, Chairman.

BRAYTON A. ROUND, Clerk. 3-13-w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

House of Representatives, Providence, March 11th, 1909.

Public Hearing.

The Committee on Special Legislation of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in the bill entitled

"An Act to regulate the practice of the system, method, or science of healing diseases, known as osteopathy, and creating a board of examination and registration for the regulation of the same. "H. 137."

In Committee Room 312, State House, Providence, on

THURSDAY, March 18th, 1909,

upon the rising of the House.

HENRY F. WOODMANSEE, Chairman.

BRAYTON A. ROUND, Clerk. 3-13-1w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

House of Representatives, Providence, March 8th, 1909.

Public Hearing.

Moving Picture Machines.

The Committee on Judiciary of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in House Bill 80, entitled

"An Act relative to the use of the Cinematograph, Moving Picture Machine, or other similar apparatus involving the use of a combustible film,"

In Committee Room 228, State House, Providence, on

TUESDAY, March 16th, 1909

upon the rising of the House.

ROBERT S. FRANKLIN, Chairman.
ARTHUR A. RHODES, Clerk, 86 Weybosset street. 3-13-1w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

SENATE, Providence, March 5, 1909.

Public Hearing.

Revision of the General Laws.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in an act entitled

"An Act relating to the Revision of the General Laws,"

In Committee Room 212, State House, Providence, on

TUESDAY, March 23, 1909,

at 12 o'clock noon.

WALTER A. BOWEN, Chairman pro tem.

JOHN W. SWEENEY, Clerk.

3-13-2w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

SENATE, Providence, March 3, 1909.

Public Hearing.

Inspection of Bakeries, Etc.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in an act entitled

"An Act relating to the Inspection of Bakeries, Confectioneries and Ice Cream manufactories,"

In Committee Room 212, State House, Providence, on

TUESDAY, March 16, 1909.

upon the rising of the Senate.

WALTER A. BOWEN, Chairman pro tem.

JOHN W. SWEENEY, Clerk.

3-6-2w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

SENATE, Providence, March 2, 1909.

Public Hearing.

Taxation of Banks and Trust Companies. Banks and Trust Companies. Unclaimed Deposits.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in

Two Acts relating to the Taxation of Banks and Trust Companies, and the custody of unclaimed deposits,

In Committee Room 212, State House, Providence, on

WEDNESDAY, March 17, 1909,

upon the rising of the Senate.

WALTER A. BOWEN, Chairman pro tem.

JOHN W. SWEENEY, Clerk.

3-6-2w

Carr's List.

The Climbing Courvatels, by Townsend.

Miss Minerva and William Green Hill, by Calhoun.

The Three Brothers, by Phillpotts.

With the Battle Fleet, by Matthews.

The Red Mouse, by Osborne.

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5-2-tf

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

Office of the

State Board of Public Roads.

The undersigned Board will meet at the Court House, Newport, R. I., Thursday, August 6, and each succeeding Thursday until further notice, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., to grant operators' licenses and to receive applications for registration of motor vehicles and motor cycles.

State Board of Public Roads.

18-tf

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Correspondent of WM. IVES & CO., members of the New York Consolidated Stock Exchange.

Stocks and bonds bought and sold for cash or carried on margin.

9-26-tf

Probate Court of the City of Newport, February 25th, 1909.

Estate of John W. Higbee.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of John W. Higbee, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the fifteenth day of March next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

2-27-3w

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., February 15, A. D. 1909.

ALBERT L. CHASE, the Administrator of the estate of

DAVID COGGESHALL,

late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court his second account therewith, and thereon prays that the same may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the fifteenth day of March next, A. D. 1909, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury*.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

2-20-4w

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10-17